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APRIL 14, 2003

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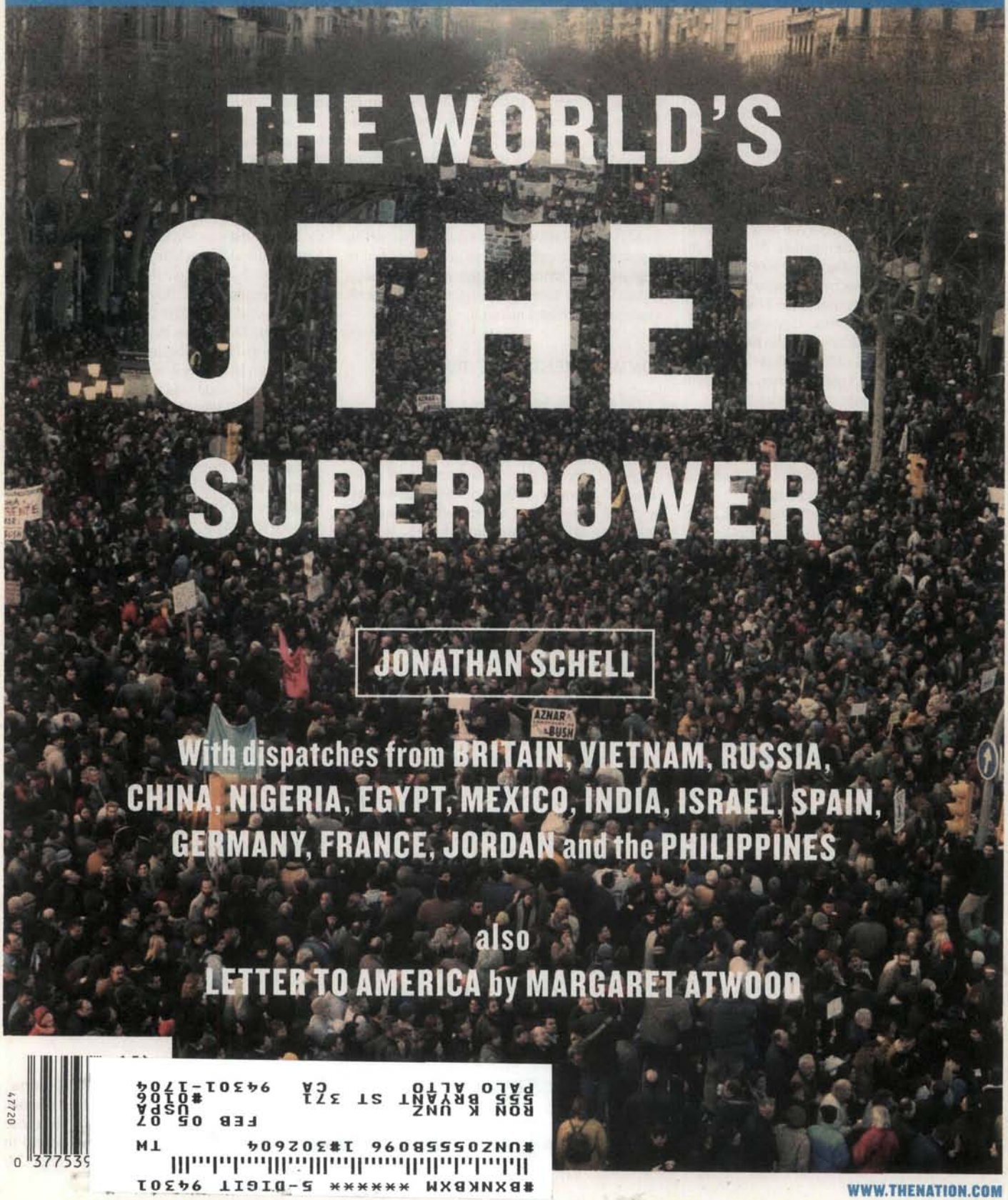

THE WORLD'S OTHER SUPERPOWER

JONATHAN SCHELL

With dispatches from BRITAIN, VIETNAM, RUSSIA, CHINA, NIGERIA, EGYPT, MEXICO, INDIA, ISRAEL, SPAIN, GERMANY, FRANCE, JORDAN and the PHILIPPINES

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LETTERS

Letters

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

THE INTELLIGENCE SOURCE SPEAKS

Oxford, England

■ When people have asked me whether I am angry that 10 Downing Street plagiarized my article in the September issue of *Middle East Review of International Affairs* (*MERIA*), my answer has been "no." What has angered me is when people like Alexander Cockburn in his March 3 "Beat the Devil" column, "The Great 'Intelligence' Fraud," have criticized the UK dossier because it came from my article, which in his words was "spliced together" by a student like myself. First of all, the article took me three months to write and was by no means "spliced."

Cockburn suggests that since I have never been to Iraq, my work should not be valued. Nevertheless, if you ask anyone who has studied Iraq in depth, they would state that the expert on the Iraqi regime is Amazia Baram, an Israeli scholar who also cannot travel to Iraq.

Cockburn is critical of the fact that my article was published in *MERIA*, an Israeli journal. I published the article in *MERIA* for the simple reason that it is the most widely used online journal dealing with the Middle East.

He also suggests that I colluded with Kanan Makiya, an Iraqi exile affiliated with the US government. Again, Makiya had no role in aiding me with this article.

The only agenda I had in writing this piece was strictly an academic one. While governments have invested millions in their intelligence services, I believe this whole incident demonstrates that the real "intelligence" comes from within the universities. Perhaps both the UK and US governments should reconsider how much they invest in their education, given that a "student" could produce a piece of material that they would pass off as the latest intelligence on Iraq.

IBRAHIM AL-MARASHI

COCKBURN REPLIES

Petrolia, Calif.

■ As regards Kanan Makiya, I checked again with Ken Raposa, the freelance journalist who interviewed al-Marashi, and whom I cited. Raposa's response: "This is how Ibrahim responded to my question, 'Where did you get your resources for your study, and how long did it take you to do it?'"

IBRAHIM: "I started it in 1998 and used sources from Harvard's Iraq Research and Documentation Project, founded by Kanan Makiya. He arranged for 4 million Iraqi documents to be shipped out of Kurdish rubble right after Desert Storm. These are captured Iraq documents."

Regarding *MERIA*, my point was that the intelligence memo served up by Tony Blair to Colin Powell was a politically inspired document, written by a Shiite student, published by an Israeli-based think tank hot for war, swiped off the web by Blair's harried minions.

I'm glad al-Marashi didn't just pull an all-nighter, like many a student. As for not visiting Iraq, on-site research or experience isn't mandatory, though it can help. Either way, I never said that al-Marashi's work was valueless. His final paragraph makes a sound point. And there's good news too. Al-Marashi has said he's using Andrew and Patrick Cockburn's excellent book *Saddam: An American Obsession* (Verso) in a new research project. Assuming this too is plagiarized by British intelligence, we can soon expect Powell to be startling the world with some soundly based material.

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

COMMANDMENTS—10, RIGHTS—0

Grand Junction, Colo.

■ In "Religion in the News" [March 10], Edward Sorel and Richard Lingeman report that the Rev. Mickey Carter "thinks he can outwit the ACLU by displaying documents of other cultures" along with the Ten Commandments in a public building. Unfortunately, Reverend Carter is going on more than a hunch. Here in Grand Junction, a group of us, with the backing of the ACLU, sued the city to remove the Ten Commandments from the front lawn of City Hall. The city responded by placing the tablet in a "secular" context, with other tablets that together were dubbed "The Cornerstones of Law and Liberty." Someone had the bright idea to place the stones at ever increasing angles so that the Ten Commandments stood fully upright (naturally). Guess which document was placed virtually parallel to the ground? Hint: Our nickname for the Cornerstones was "The Trample on the Bill of Rights Plaza." The ACLU, fearing (likely correctly) that it would lose the case, dropped our suit.

Sorel and Lingeman also indicated that as a result of the lawsuits the ACLU has won, taxpayers have been responsible for the costs of disposing of Ten Commandments tablets. But those costs are nothing compared with having five new stones engraved. We were told the costs were being partly covered by "donations," but despite our repeated requests, the city never revealed exactly how much public money was expended to make up the balance.

CLARE L. BOULANGER

THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE

Westminster, Vt.

■ Our small town in rural southeastern Vermont holds its town meeting in the evening so no one will miss work, and because we have no building large enough we hold it in the Bellows Falls high school. There were about 400 people in the auditorium in February as the moderator gaveled us to order. The first twenty items involved funding the cash-strapped school system, road and building maintenance and budgets for fire and rescue. We spent hours in heated debate over every nickel and dime, some Republican stalwarts combing through the town report trying to save every possible penny of tax money. It was grueling.

Finally we came to the last two issues before the town. First was whether to relicense Vermont Yankee, the local nuclear power plant—recently purchased by Entergy, the massive Louisiana energy conglomerate. It was 11:30. People were irritable, and the debate boiled up in a contentious froth. Despite the nearly $200,000 Entergy spent to influence the local towns, we voted them down by nearly 3 to 1.

The final issue was whether to bar federal, state and local law-enforcement agencies from exercising the power granted to them by the USA Patriot Act. Several spoke eloquently about not trading away our civil rights. Our librarian described how the FBI could search her records to gather information about what books we've been reading, could install computer software to track which websites we've visited and would bar her from telling us when this had taken place. (She's put a sign on the library door saying, "The FBI has not been here, please watch for sign.")

A Vermont Yankee employee, who had spoken in favor of the nuclear power plant, stood up to say he had risked his life in service to our country, defending the freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution. He said his father had also laid his life on the line, and they would both gladly do it again to protect our freedom from anyone who tried to take it away.

The moderator finally called the question. Would the people of Westminster bar federal, state or local law enforcement from violating civil rights within our township: "All in favor?" The auditorium rocked with the sound of several hundred voices proclaiming in unison, "Aye."

"All opposed?" For the first time that evening, the auditorium was silent—the only sound, the hum of the fluorescent bulbs in the ceiling above, that and the deafening silence of unanimous democracy at its most inalienable.

BEN MITCHELL

SUPERMAXED OUT

San Diego

■ Regan Good's "The Supermax Solution" [March 3] about the prison in Tamms, Illinois, proves George Santayana's theory that those who do not learn from history are bound to

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EDITORIALS

The Rockets' Red Glare

The fierce tableau of smoke and flames that US bombs created over Baghdad—a visual message of America's awesomely destructive power—brought to mind Shelley's meditation on an ancient ruin, where a fallen pedestal bore the inscription: "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:/ Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" Ozymandias's stern visage lay shattered in the sand. The US strategy of "shock and awe" was intended to intimidate Iraqis into surrendering, but it did not succeed, any more than the ancient ruler's arrogant proclamation protected his imperium. It is already obvious that Americans were grossly misled by the official expectations of another easy triumph for US power, but there is also the chilling recognition that war planners themselves may have been seduced by the propaganda. Empires, it seems, are eternally vulnerable to hubris.

Americans have become accustomed to quick, low-casualty wars with too-easy claims of virtuous results, but now they're getting the real thing, bloody and ambiguous and randomly cruel. We were assured that our advanced technologies—precision bombing and digital communications—would let us minimize American casualties and spare Iraqi civilians. But already there have been terrible errors—including, it appears, the bombing of a Baghdad shopping area that left dozens dead or wounded. Such incidents are rapidly eroding any support that may have existed in the Arab world for the US objective of removing Saddam Hussein. Instead, they arouse intense anger against the United States—anger that's likely to grow regardless of the war's outcome.

The way these events play out could have a great impact at a time when fundamental questions are already on the table. A Brooklyn musician named Kyp Malone told the *New York Times* that he mourns the American losses but wonders, "Even if it's quick and easy, I don't know that I want to live in a world where America can just roll over any country it wants." Well said. Do the American people really want an empire? That question is raised by the marching protesters though not much in official circles. Yet under the "defense" strategy enunciated by Bush, Iraq is only the first battlefield of many.

The other big question, voiced by the swelling marches around the world, is about the legitimacy of war itself. In the global outcries, chronicled beginning on page 12, it is possible to discern demands for a new standard of conduct—not pacifism per se but a far more demanding threshold for the use of force, especially by the most powerful nations against weaker ones. Certainly, diverse populations and some leading governments have judged that America's unilateral war is illegitimate. Perhaps we are witnessing the beginnings of a broader movement that will eventually compel statesmen to reconsider the inherited rules of war among nations and to fashion new ones that are more moral and suitable to a globalizing world.

Continuation of the bloodshed and suffering is not inevitable. An effort is under way to call the United Nations General Assembly into session under the "Uniting for Peace" precedent to seek ways to end the conflict, and while Washington is said to be doing everything it can to block such action, smaller countries have already shown they can stand up to bullying. Other routes, too, must be explored. The alternative is to allow the tragedy to proceed to its awful conclusion.

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COMMENT

The Nation.

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With the Kurds

Chamchamal, Iraq

I'm standing at the northern front in Chamchamal, a quarter-mile from Saddam Hussein's hilltop divisions. Before me six mounds of earth, like oversized anthills, line the ridge. This morning, US-led forces bombed each of them. I watched trucks arrive on the Iraqi side of the line, and presumed they were taking away the wounded. But the Kurdish soldiers I was with told me that in fact these trucks belong to Saddam's special forces. One of their tasks is to shoot deserters before they can cross the no man's land between there and here to surrender.

Here in Kurdistan, Saddam's legacy is everywhere, from the blind children playing in the streets of Halabja—victims of the 1988 chemical attack—to the crippling poverty of an oil-rich region deprived of its own resources. Drive down any road here for five minutes, and you'll pass at least one of His Excellency's prisons. They are vast and uniform structures with small slits for windows and rounded corners for better defense. Now deserted, they are still surrounded by landmines buried in the late 1980s to prevent the escape of inmates.

The prison up the road from me—on the frontline between Kurdish-held territory and Iraq—is called the White Fort. The White Fort once housed women and children rounded up during the 1988 terror as Iraqi forces destroyed hundreds of Kurdish villages and killed up to 200,000 people. Last night, I met a 27-year-old woman named Baham, whose mother was killed there. Since fleeing Kirkuk in 1991, Baham has lived in Chamchamal, 500 feet from the Iraqi frontline. Now that war has begun, she has been forced to flee again, because of Iraqi shelling and the threat of Iraqi gas attacks, from which the United States has provided no protection.

Chamchamal is an easy target for Iraqi forces, and there is widespread fear here that Saddam will use the cover of war to lash out at his most powerless enemies with his still unaccounted-for chemical arsenal. In the local hospital, there is neither atropine, nor gas masks, nor even one chemical suit. Almost everyone in the town has fled. Baham says she cannot count how many times in her life she has done this: risen in the night, packed all her belongings onto a tractor and headed off to a cave or outlying village.

Despite its risks, Baham looked forward to the war and says she is grateful to the Americans. "War is crucial to us," she told me. "If the US cannot defeat Saddam, then we will have to support him, because no one will be strong enough to stop him." Like most Kurds I've spoken to, she prefers not to talk about America's abandonment of them after the last war and says she believes that this time will be different. Several people mention to me that they heard on KurdSat TV that the United States now feels responsibility for the Kurds' fate.

But gas attacks are only one of the war's potential terrors. Another is the specter of ethnic conflict. Baham's family is one of 120,000 households displaced from Kirkuk since 1991, as the Iraqi government forcibly replaced Kurds with Arabs in order to keep the oil-rich city in friendly hands. As soon as Iraq loses control of the city, Baham plans to rush in and reclaim her house.

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COMMENT

"I'm going to force whoever's in that house to leave," she says, laughing. A turf war among Kirkuk's Turkmenis, Arabs and Kurds is a real possibility.

Today I met a family of refugees who fled Kirkuk last week because, they say, five of their neighbors—all male Kurds under 35—had been rounded up and killed. They managed to cross the border in the chaos that followed as the Iraqis began blowing up an oilfield. An 8-year-old girl, Terjeen, told me she is most frightened by the soldiers, who have been banging in doors in Kirkuk and setting up heavy weaponry in people's homes. Her uncle, Kamaran Mejid Karim, 26, says Iraqi forces have been digging trenches in the streets of Kirkuk and are transforming the city into a battlefield.

One last potential side-effect of the war—both in Iraq and beyond—has already begun to be palpable: the risk that it will unleash a religious conflict. Right now, in the mountains along the Iranian border, the United States has launched Tomahawk missiles as well as airstrikes against the base camps of two groups of Islamic militants. The most publicized attacks have been against Ansar al-Islam, a fighting force of roughly 1,000 people, with almost-certain ties to Al Qaeda. For two nights, the allied forces attacked the militants' bases, killing 150 people, according to the secular governing forces of the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan (PUK). But most of these casualties were not Ansar fighters. They were members of a more moderate Islamic group, Komal, who were at peace with both the PUK and the United States. While there is some debate over the extremism of Komal, many Kurds are angry and confused that the United States would target an Islamic group seeking to form a coalition with the secular government.

Yesterday, at funerals around the city of Halabja, many of Komal's leaders were buried in their bloody clothes to signify their martyrdom at Christian hands.

The attack has become one more piece of evidence militant Islamists can use to fuel their hatred of the West; one more piece of evidence that George W. Bush—our born-again President—is truly waging war against Islam. Already, that same afternoon, a suicide bomber exploded himself and killed the first journalist to die here in northern Iraq, an Australian cameraman named Paul Moran—an attack that the PUK attributed to Komal. Since then, Komal has publicly warned that it is targeting journalists as symbols of the West.

Two nights ago, I lay in a mountaintop bunker watching US-led airstrikes pummel the city of Kirkuk. Round after round of red antiaircraft fire rose from the city, and white flares illuminated the mountainside. The air-raid siren sounded, and the city went dark. I worried about the casualties, but I also worried about the rage the attack likely provoked.

I was at least ten miles from the bombing, but I could feel the impact of the strikes. This is what we have to fear from the war: not only the strike point but also the impact felt at a distance and its reverberations in the decades to come. War may be the cost of the Kurds' liberation. But its full price, here and elsewhere in the Arab world, cannot yet be calculated. ELIZA GRISWOLD

Eliza Griswold is a New York–based writer reporting from northern Iraq.

The Road to Peace

Many pundits predicted that the peace movement would dry up once war began, and indeed polls show that American support for the war rose to as high as 71 percent after its launch. Bob Edgar, general secretary of the National Council of Churches (NCC), which has led religious opposition to the war, predicts "our movement is going to get smaller before it gets bigger," and he's probably right. Yet now that the bombs are falling on Baghdad, antiwar protest in the United States has grown more passionate. Countless small-scale demonstrations are being held every day, while regional protests on March 22—in Chicago, New York City, San Francisco and elsewhere—drew hundreds of thousands, and a new MoveOn antiwar petition has attracted more than half a million signatures.

In addition, thousands have been arrested in civil disobedience actions, some on military property—including fifty-five arrested at the gates of the Westover Air Reserve Base in Chicopee, Massachusetts—and more than 1,600 on the streets and bridges of San Francisco alone, a development that has already sparked debate.

Todd Gitlin, writing in *Newsday*, argued that any such tactics could "turn a majority of the population against the antiwar movement," though movement activists tend to make more subtle distinctions. Edgar, for example, warns that "violent confrontation with authority figures doesn't help the message" but applauds nonviolent civil disobedience. So does Tom Andrews, director of the moderate Win Without War coalition. After being represented as a critic of civil disobedience in a recent *New York Times* article, Andrews issued a statement that such action was "in the finest democratic tradition of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr."

Some national groups, including United for Peace and Justice, issued a call for emergency action, including nonviolent civil disobedience, upon the war's launch. Many participants argue that direct action shows that activists—like soldiers—are willing to take formidable risks. Perhaps more important, says Peter Lumsdaine, who for six days after the war began camped out with some thirty people at Vandenberg Air Force Base near Santa Barbara, California, "It's the only way to actually get in the way of the war."

At this critical juncture for the peace movement, debates extend far beyond the question of tactics. The most contentious of these may be how best to counter the jingoistic rhetoric of the war boosters—who urge that it's time for peace activists to shut up and "support the troops." On one end of the debate, AFL-CIO head John Sweeney said labor is now "unequivocal in our support of our country and America's men and women on the front lines," while Win Without War has endorsed Operation Dear Abby, asking peace activists to "send messages of support to men and women deployed in the Gulf."

But many activists urge making a sharper distinction between support for the soldiers themselves and support for their immoral mission. Thus the suddenly ubiquitous slogan "Support the troops by bringing them home." Others hope to turn the tables by questioning the government's commitment to the troops. Given the stalled economy and brutal spending cuts, says Erica Smiley, a steering committee member of the National Youth and Student

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COMMENT

Peace Coalition, the Bush Administration, which recently backed billions in cuts to veterans' benefits, has little to offer soldiers when they come home. "Many of them won't be able to go back to school or find a job," she says. "They'll be coming back to a huge mess."

The US invasion raises profound questions for a movement that has successfully unified around a simple demand: No War on Iraq. Now activists must think beyond Iraq and decide how to reframe their agenda. Bill Fletcher, co-chair of United for Peace and Justice, which organized the massive February 15 protests, says, "We have to start talking about the broader implications, particularly of the concept of 'regime change' and the issue of empire. We have to ask, What is this plan for the reorganization of the world?" Edgar, whose NCC represents some 50 million congregants, agrees. "We need to start adding an 's' to the word *war*," he says, and stand in opposition to the very idea of pre-emptive attack. If the movement doesn't turn to these questions, Fletcher adds, it will be ill-equipped to challenge future US aggression, whether against Iran, North Korea or other countries.

Yet several peace groups, including Win Without War and MoveOn, the cyber wing of the movement, are focusing on the reconstruction of Iraq—a choice that may foreshadow disputes between those who want to challenge US superpower and those who want it to act more responsibly. "It is delicate," says Fletcher. "We have to be careful not to break up this broad front."

US Labor Against the War founder Bob Muehlenkamp, who continues to build labor opposition, argues that the antiwar movement must expand its analysis in other ways to reach American working people. "There is a very deep understanding," he says, "that you can't pay for this war, have a huge tax cut and meet the needs of ordinary Americans." He urges peace forces to issue a challenge to what he calls "the permanent war economy."

Other activists are trying to push the Democratic Party to oppose this and future pre-emptive wars—though they have very different ideas about how to do so. While MoveOn is planning to endorse—and raise money for—antiwar candidates, many local peace groups want to embarrass Democratic hawks: Recently, 300 protesters loudly disrupted a John Edwards fundraiser in Raleigh, North Carolina.

Organizers agree that the peace movement has much to be proud of: While it hasn't stopped the war, it has mobilized an unprecedented level of opposition, here at home and around the world. That's a strong foundation for grappling with the difficult debates ahead. If these are handled well, the antiwar movement could emerge a more savvy and powerful force. "We have the upper hand, morally," says Fletcher. "We are starting with the good will of millions."

LIZA FEATHERSTONE

Liza Featherstone is a New York City–based journalist.

CALVIN TRILLIN

On Richard Perle, Lobbyist, Businessman And, Perhaps Not Coincidentally, Chairman of the Defense Policy Board

The plans to start this war were laid
Within the Sissy Hawk Brigade—
A band of Vietnam evaders
All puffed up now as tough crusaders.
Yes, now, as then, they love inciting
A war that others will be fighting.

In recent weeks, there's been much talk
Of Richard Perle, a sissy hawk.
There've been some articles about
Just whether Perle has used his clout,
While fighting evil hell for leather,
To profit. (Hawks have nests to feather.)

A pity that some lads who fought
In Vietnam were later brought
Back home again in body bags
Adorned with battle stars and flags:
They missed the fruits that dedication
Can bring to those who serve their nation.

Shocks to the Constitution

We the People TAKING LIBERTIES

Spring officially began on Thursday, March 20, but the first real spring day in Washington was Saturday, a blindingly sunny day, flowers just beginning to peek out, the National Kite Festival occupying four blocks on the Mall, the remainder filled with carefree games of soccer and ultimate frisbee, couples basking in the sun and tourists sporting T-shirts and video cameras. If it weren't for the slightly stepped-up security at the Air and Space Museum, one would hardly know that we had just launched a war against a nation said to be threatening us with weapons of mass destruction.

The arrival of spring in Baghdad, by contrast, was marked by the kickoff of the Pentagon's "shock and awe" campaign, as more than 1,300 cruise missiles and bombs were launched at the city, beginning with what the *New York Times* called a "10-minute volley of almost biblical power." The stark contrast between living conditions in these two warring countries right now makes it seem almost selfish to sound alarms about civil liberties here at home. I can almost hear Donald Rumsfeld now: "Would you rather live in Baghdad?"

But if history is any guide, this is exactly the time to sound

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alarms. According to Francis Biddle, FDR's Attorney General during World War II, "The Constitution has not greatly bothered any wartime President." It's not clear that the Constitution greatly bothered George W. Bush during peacetime, but given the permanence of the "war on terrorism" and a "pre-emptive" national security strategy likely to make Iraq the first of a series of conquests, we may never find out.

War in America has always prompted government officials to adopt "preventive" measures that jettison principles of individual culpability, due process and political freedom. Punishing only the guilty seems suddenly antiquated in wartime, and procedures designed to protect the innocent seem dispensable luxuries. In prior wars, we have suspended habeas corpus, criminalized antiwar speech, locked up people because of their Japanese ancestry and indulged in guilt by association.

What this war will bring is anyone's guess. But the early signs suggest it may not be only the Iraqis who are shocked and awed. We were already at war with terrorism, of course, a war that has led to preventive detention, guilt by association, ethnic profiling and spying without criminal suspicion. As the war on Iraq began, the Administration announced that it would now automatically lock up any refugee seeking asylum from thirty-three largely Arab and Muslim countries—the same countries whose nationals have already been selectively subjected to special registration, "voluntary interviews" and prioritized deportations. At the same time, reviving tactics from the first months after September 11, the government announced it would use pretextual immigration charges to lock up Iraqi nationals it considers dangerous, thereby obviating the need to prove that they actually are dangerous. Such measures dispense entirely with individualized justice.

But like the bombing of Iraq, most of these measures don't directly affect US citizens. What does affect the rest of us is the fast-developing culture of conformity, effected not by laws criminalizing speech but by more informal and less centralized means. My research assistant's landlord orders her to remove a small antiwar sign she has displayed in her window. Police tell two New Yorkers that they cannot stand in the Times Square subway station with a sign saying DISCUSS THE WAR WITH US. The Dixie Chicks, one of America's most popular bands, find themselves the subject of public CD burnings, radio boycotts and a 20 percent drop in airplay after their lead singer tells a British concert audience,"We're ashamed the President of the United States is from Texas." And Senate minority leader Tom Daschle is practically branded a traitor for attributing to the President a failure of diplomacy—no more than a statement of fact.

The threats to liberty here pale, of course, in comparison with the threats to life we are visiting upon Iraq. But in Biddle's phrase, we must be "bothered by the Constitution"—both because we can be sure the President will not be, and because the right to dissent and organize here is an essential check on the destruction we wreak abroad in the name of freedom. DAVID COLE

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Bush and God

Not since Jimmy Carter's confession that he had lusted in his heart after women other than his wife have Americans been so interested in the religious life of the man occupying the Oval Office. While pursuing the Republican presidential nomination in 2000, George W. Bush declared that Jesus was his favorite political philosopher. During his news conference just before the full deployment of troops to Iraq, Bush allowed that he relied daily on the prayers of Americans. Howard Fineman's cover story in *Newsweek* just a few days earlier gushed that the Bush presidency was the "most resolutely 'faith-based' in modern times." Had Fineman never heard of the thirty-ninth President, who is also the 2002 Nobel Peace Prize laureate?

The differences between the two men, Presidents Carter and Bush, are instructive. Just as Abraham Lincoln's Second Inaugural acknowledged that both sides in the Civil War, Union and Confederate, read the same Bible and prayed to the same God, so too are Carter and Bush evangelical Christians who read the same Bible. But Bush's God is the eye-for-an-eye God of the Hebrew prophets and the Book of Revelation, the God of vengeance and retribution, whereas Carter's God is the Jesus of the New Testament, the revolutionary who declared "blessed are the peacemakers" and enjoined his followers to turn the other cheek.

The theological distinctions between Carter and Bush go well beyond the tired categories of theological liberalism and conservativism. In reaction to twentieth-century liberal nostrums about human goodness, Protestant theologian Reinhold Niebuhr formulated his "theology of crisis," which, in the face of the atrocities of Nazism in World War II, demanded that people of faith abandon their quaint naïveté about human progress and unite to resist evil—by force, if necessary.

Carter spoke often about his indebtedness to Niebuhrian theology, but his religious convictions about fairness and decency also compelled him to reconfigure the Panama Canal treaty (thereby expending considerable political capital early in his term) and to lure Israel's Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat of Egypt, ancient and implacable enemies, to the peace table. Bush's understanding of the faith, on the other hand, tends toward a dualistic view of the world, the titanic and unambiguous struggle between the forces of righteousness allied against the "axis of evil." Whereas Carter famously agonized about deploying military force in an attempt to rescue the hostages held at the American Embassy in Iran, Bush appears to have suffered little compunction about unleashing American troops and weapons of mass destruction against Iraq.

While the divergent theological emphases of the two Presidents reveal a great deal about their character and their policies, their political fortunes reveal even more about Americans themselves. The electorate denied Carter a second term, in large measure because his foreign policy was viewed as weak and ineffective. Bush's popularity, on the other hand, has very nearly reached the stratospheric altitudes his father attained during the first Gulf War.

How Bush 43's policies and popularity will play out in the long term remains to be seen, but the alignment of evangelical Christians behind him is telling. Evangelicals, an internally diverse

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group of Protestant Christians who make up approximately 46 percent of the US population, overwhelmingly support the invasion of Iraq, despite its apparent contradictions of the teachings of Jesus. Many of those same evangelical Christians bitterly opposed Jimmy Carter during his Administration, even though he had declared himself to be a "born again" evangelical Christian. The origins of the religious right, in fact, can be traced to the Carter presidency; his failure to win re-election in 1980 was due, in no small measure, to the defection of evangelicals. (Pollster Louis Harris estimated that Carter would have won the popular vote by 1 percent if evangelicals had not deserted him for Ronald Reagan.)

The leaders of the religious right—Pat Robertson, Jerry Falwell, Beverly LaHaye, Ralph Reed and James Dobson, among others—often say the United States is a "Christian nation." But their political views and their actions belie that claim. A nation pursuing a truly "Christian" foreign policy would only fight a war that was truly defensive. A Christian nation would tirelessly exhaust all diplomatic means before launching an attack.

Bush's current popularity indicates that, for all the rhetoric about America's being a Christian nation, we Americans—evangelicals included—have little patience for a foreign policy based on New Testament principles. We much prefer the determined pugilism of George W. Bush to the relative pacifism of Jimmy Carter.

RANDALL BALMER

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CNN—War Casualty

You could have knocked CNN's Aaron Brown over with a feather. He seemed incredulous that within a twenty-four-hour period the Iraqi Minister of Information had thrown CNN out of the country (reportedly for being worse than the Bush Administration when it came to propaganda), and, back home, thousands of people had gathered outside the network's Los Angeles and Atlanta offices to demonstrate against its Mortal Kombat–style coverage of the invasion, holding signs that read, WAR IS NOT A GAME. Iraq's charges were "fabricated" and "unfounded," CNN insisted. As for the demonstrators, their charge that the network was "glorifying" the war was put in the usual let's-dismiss-this-drivel quotation marks. In fact, Brown noted, most people relax during the weekend and "for them," meaning the real Americans, "we have polls." On came political oracle Bill Schneider (as a fellow at the conservative American Enterprise Institute, hardly a neutral analyst) to report "strong support" for the war (based on a survey of 463 people). Democrats, according to Schneider, "don't see the connection between Iraq and 9/11 that a lot of Americans do." In other words, Democrats are blind, and un-American to boot. Schneider advised Team Bush that they would have to find weapons of mass destruction and produce images of grateful Iraqis welcoming US troops to make the Democrats admit their "error."

Adherence to the Katie Gibbs school of journalism—stenographers dutifully copying down and repeating back what the Big Government Officials say—has made CNN, its credibility and dignity, a huge casualty of this war. Peter Jennings and the folks at ABC sound like *I.F. Stone's Weekly* by comparison. (Indeed, ABC has been targeted by the right for being too liberal because it has at times actually questioned Administration assertions.) CNN built its reputation as the television news of record, covering international stories with a depth and breadth the broadcast networks couldn't match. But now, "the most trusted name in news" (as its news crawl has been asserting for months) looks to many of us like Team Bush's ministry of propaganda.

This has been going on since long before the war began. On March 7, for example, Schneider effused that "America's British allies turn out to be strongly supportive—*75 percent!*" Viewers then got the small print—*if* inspectors found proof that Iraq was hiding weapons of mass destruction and *if* the UN approved such action. While CNN did air debates between those opposed to and those in favor of the war, the overall common sense it conveyed was that Democratic opponents should bite their tongues. To select just one example, Judy Woodruff led a discussion with political analysts Stuart Rothenberg and Amy Walter about the Democrats' prospects for 2004. Rothenberg said war makes it "very difficult to be partisan," and Democrats can't "second-guess" the President because it will make them look unpatriotic. Was any candidate free to speak or were they all really just "under a blanket"? Woodruff asked leadingly. "While fighting is going on," Woodruff pressed on, "is it pretty much just an unspoken agreement that they can't really say anything?" Walter confirmed. Glad that's settled.

Once the invasion began, CNN morphed from advance team into cheerleading squad. During the first full night of the invasion, on March 20, the war became "must-see TV," with viewers treated to a fireworks show (the bombing of Baghdad) and tanks barreling across the desert in "the race toward Baghdad." It is true, video phones and portable satellites—not to mention that novel news-management software called "embedding"—bring live pictures of the war as it's happening right into your living room, and this is unprecedented. Nonetheless, viewers might have felt that they were watching a reprise of the moon landing, such was the unrestrained, giddy excitement about the capabilities of this new technology.

"Never before in history have reporters been able to provide… our viewers with this kind of access," gushed Brown as we watched what appeared to be goats in the distance. Reporter Walter Rodgers enthused about the "wonderful vignettes" of Bedouins in their tents with their families who must have been "dumbfounded" and "awestruck" at the sight of the mechanized units rolling along. "These people don't have automobiles. Often they move by camels, and all of a sudden they're seeing camels like nothing they ever saw before, with 120-millimeter guns stickin' out," chuckled Rodgers.

Brown himself indulged in bathetic musings about how the military is a family that folds into its bosom even the most lonely outcast. His embarrassing commentary only seemed worse after the tragic fragging incident on the weekend. As soon as a suspect was apprehended (but not yet charged with anything), CNN

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Chickens in a Darkening Sky

Suddenly the sky is dark with chickens coming home to roost, and bedtime reading is Thucydides' account of the disastrous Athenian siege of Syracuse. Start with the amazed discovery of the White House, the Defense Department and the permanently embedded US press corps that nations don't care to be invaded, even if they have been misgoverned by a tyrant for decades. How many Russians died defending the Soviet Union from German invasion after enduring famine and Stalin's terror? This isn't 1991, when Iraqis asked themselves, "Why die for Kuwait?"

Basra? "Military officials," ran a European press report, "later admitted that they had vastly underestimated the strength of Iraqi resistance and the loyalty of Basra's population to Saddam." The report quoted a British officer as saying "there are significant elements in Basra who are hugely loyal to the regime."

Kurdish-held northern Iraq? "Even in Kurdistan," reported the London *Independent*, on March 25 (in the person of my brother, Patrick Cockburn), "where the US is popular and where President Saddam committed some of his worst atrocities, there are flickers of Iraqi patriotism. A Kurdish official, who has devoted years to opposing the government in Baghdad, admitted: 'Iraqis won't like to see American soldiers ripping down posters of Saddam Hussein though they might like to do it themselves. They didn't enjoy watching the Stars and Stripes being raised near Umm Qasr.'"

And so it will all get much, much nastier. Saddam Hussein, a devoted admirer of Stalin, must have the Stalingrad parallel hopefully in mind. A confident invading German Army, extended lines of communication vulnerable to weather and guerrilla attack, and then Stalin's order to the Red Army, "Not another inch of retreat," followed by the savagery of house-to-house urban fighting.

One doesn't have to parallel the German defeat with one for the United States and Britain, or substitute sandstorms and approaching summer heat for snow and the Russian winter, but merely remember what happened to Stalingrad, in which scarcely one brick was left on top of another. The actual fighting component of the invading US/British force is small, because (as anonymous Pentagon officers are now bitterly complaining) Defense Secretary Rumsfeld's preference for Special Forces prevailed over Gen. Tommy Franks's recommendation of a large army; also because huge peace demonstrations in Turkey lopped off the northern half of the invading pincers. If urban fighting increases, US strategy will veer toward old-fashioned saturation bombing. The temptation to flatten significant portions of Baghdad by B-52 raids will grow sharply if the land force gets seriously stymied.

But perhaps the most grotesque chicken now roosting in the coop came in the form of Rumsfeld's sudden discovery of the Geneva conventions regarding prisoners of war. When five captured US soldiers were paraded in front of the Iraqi television cameras, Rumsfeld immediately complained that "it is against the Geneva convention to show photographs of prisoners of war in a manner that is humiliating for them." True. But the United States does not hold the high moral ground in leveling this charge.

In January 2002 the United States released photographs of Guantánamo detainees kneeling, shackled and blindfolded. The Red Cross said the United States may have violated the Geneva conventions by releasing the photos. No "coercion may be inflicted on prisoners of war to secure from them information of any kind whatever." Under conditions of sleep deprivation, bright light and other techniques, about twenty-five prisoners in Camp X-Ray at Guantánamo have tried to kill themselves, some more than once.

The US government claims that these men are not subject to the Geneva conventions, as they are not "prisoners of war" but "unlawful combatants." But as George Monbiot of the London *Guardian* remarks, "The same claim could be made, with rather more justice, by the Iraqis holding the US soldiers who illegally invaded their country. But this redefinition is itself a breach of article 4 of the third convention, under which people detained as suspected members of a militia (the Taliban) or a volunteer corps (al-Qaida) must be regarded as prisoners of war."

On March 6 US military officials acknowledged that two prisoners captured in Afghanistan in December had died during interrogation at Bagram air base north of Kabul. A spokesman for the air base confirmed that the official cause of death of the two men was "homicide." The men's death certificates showed that one died from "blunt force injuries to lower extremities complicating coronary artery disease." Another prisoner suffered from a blood clot in the lung that was exacerbated by a "blunt force injury."

On November 21, 2001, around 8,000 Taliban soldiers and Pashtun civilians surrendered at Kunduz to Northern Alliance commander Gen. Abdul Rashid Dostum. A major war crime, with powerful evidence of US participation, ensued. Jamie Doran's 2002 documentary film *Afghan Massacre* records how 3,000 prisoners were loaded into container trucks, with the doors sealed and the trucks left to stand in the sun for several days. An Afghan soldier said he was ordered by a US commander to fire shots into the containers to provide air, although he knew he would certainly hit some of those inside. An Afghan taxi driver reports seeing a number of containers with blood streaming from the floors. According to one of the drivers, survivors of the transport ordeal were dumped in the desert near Mazar-i-Sharif. As thirty to forty US soldiers looked on, those prisoners still alive were shot and left in the desert to be eaten by dogs.

Doran interviewed a Northern Alliance soldier guarding the prisoners. "I was a witness when an American soldier broke one prisoner's neck. The Americans did whatever they wanted. We had no power to stop them." After an investigation, the German newspaper *Die Zeit* concluded that "No one doubted that the Americans had taken part." Doran, an Irishman, says in his film that the Pentagon and State Department have tried "by any means possible" to block an investigation. ■

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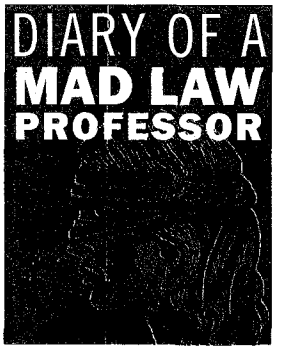
PATRICIA J. WILLIAMS

Codes of Etiquette



Recently, Nilas Martins, principal dancer at the New York City Ballet, was stopped in Washington, DC, by gun-wielding policemen. They checked him out and let him go, but the incident prompted National Public Radio to seek the advice of Letitia Baldrige, the Kennedy-era doyenne of protocol, to see if there might be an appropriate way to comport oneself while enduring martial law. Crisis etiquette, purred Ms. Baldrige, "goes back to basic character.... You just look past the assault rifles." With all due respect, suspect profiles of the new millennium—to whose ranks we welcome tall, Danish-born ballet dancers—would be best advised to turn to Ms. Baldrige's long-lost half-sister, LaTeesha, for tips about comportment under lockdown.

"Keep your eyes on the assault rifles and your hands in plain view," Ms. LaTeesha prayed me to relay to Mr. Martins.

She and I were sitting in her tastefully appointed salon located in the exclusive enclave of Southeast Estates, a grated community in Washington, DC.

"Shouldn't that be 'gated'?" I asked over an elegant tea of finger sandwiches and *marrons glacés*.

"Not at all," she replied. "When the gates to one's community are shrouded in suspicion, inhabitants risk being taken for communists or cultists." Gesturing toward the lovely weave of wrought iron bars over her windows, she observed, "Grates are more consistent with civic virtues like independence and autonomy. In Southeast, every home is a bunker unto itself."

I asked Ms. LaTeesha how the well-bred suspect profile might deal with the vapors and vexation attending the burden of constant scrutiny: During my travels to her home, Pinkerton guards in the bus station had wanted to search my backpack, and airport security had refused to let my 10-year-old son board the plane because he had no identification other than his library card.

"Smelling salts," advised Ms. LaTeesha. "A little Waterford vial of ammoniated smelling salts should be carried next to one's hanky, as a fashionable and unobtrusive bracer in the face of minor interrogation. A flask of sherry is permitted in the wake of routine strip search. And you will be forgiven a long draught of fortified malt liquor when a loved one has been detained in an unidentified location."

I asked if she didn't think it insufferable that a 10-year-old should be pressed to provide official documentation to travel from one city to another. She looked at me sharply: "Doesn't your son have a passport?"

"To peregrinate within our native homeland?"

"It's a nice touch. All the finer classes of suspect profile accessorize their children with passports. You'd be amazed at how many more doors open than with the lowly library card. Flash a passport, the airlines will put an X in front of his name and, lo, the shadow of Tom Ridge will pass over."

She thought for a moment. "A suspect profile is a bit like a celebrity. People watch your every move. If you take it as impugning your status, your complexion will acquire the unbecoming ruddiness of the lower classes. One must always code oneself a bright spring green."

I helped myself to the gravitas of crisp anchovy toast: "But it's not easy being green if others see you only as emergency red. What happens when some politician running for office goes on a police ride-along and the cameras come bursting into your bedroom along with the SWAT team and it takes two months before they realize they've got the wrong house and meanwhile you're all over the evening news and the next episode of *Cops*?"

"Always wear clean underwear," said Ms. LaTeesha coolly.

"But is it not so," I pushed, "that recent intimations from a certain Mr. Rumsfeld might lead one to believe that the Saturday night lineup of reality TV shows as well as the entire Fox Network contravene Article 13 of the Third Geneva Convention, prohibiting displays pandering to curiosity, insult or humiliation?"

"Geneva?" she said, waving a hand languorously. "Isn't that over behind France? And did you say 'convention'? Whatever would that mean for our manifest destiny to act alone? I'm surprised at Cousin Rummy. He isn't usually one to confine himself with the strictures of Old Europe. Do remind him that the New World Order depends on enterprising independent actors. Like Serbia. Or Turkey."

"I'll try," I said, "but he's a bit under the weather, stricken with a bad case of shock and awe that the Iraqis have not yet risen up to greet us as their liberators."

"That boy never did have street smarts," sighed Ms. LaTeesha. "Hollering on the corner like that, about 'teaching them peace' and 'teaching them consequences' all in the same breath. It might confuse the more academic of his foes, but it might also strike some of them as very bad manners indeed, even if he does call the whole thing 'psychological operations.'"

I gazed into the tea leaves at the bottom of my cup. I pondered how easily Iraqi soldiers were able to ambush American soldiers by pretending to surrender gratefully because someone in Washington had profiled the Iraqi masses as those-who-would-love-us-to-invade-and-await-deliverance. I thought of how hard it was for my 10-year-old to board an America West flight armed only with a library card and a pocketful of Hershey kisses. Call me Cassandra, but we need to address the failures of intelligence, the skewed anxieties that cost us so...

"Do you suppose," I finally asked, "we will ever reverse the order of these courtesies and do deep background checks on Mesopotamian history before hoisting our flag on their turf? And liberate our children to fly, like birds, like long-lost, much-loved relatives?"

"I say watch your back," sniffed Ms. LaTeesha. "Lemon? Cream?" ■

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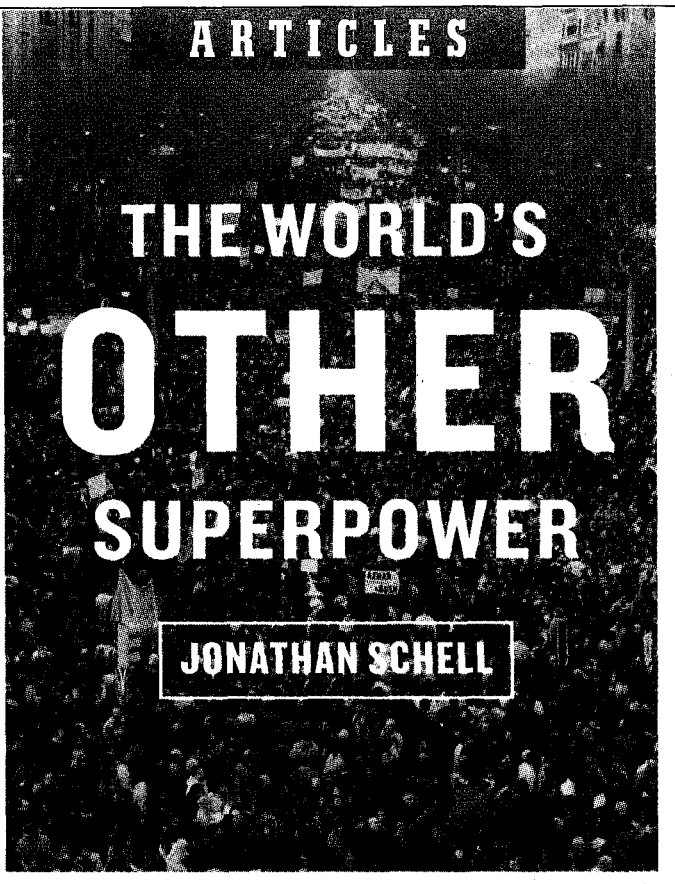

As the war began, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld promised a "campaign unlike any other in history." What he did not plan or expect, however, was that the peoples of earth—what some are calling "the other superpower"—would launch an opposing campaign destined to be even less like any other in history. Indeed, Rumsfeld's campaign, a military attack, was in all its essential elements as old as history. The other campaign—the one opposing the war—meanwhile, was authentically novel. In the pages that follow, *The Nation* gives a snapshot of it in fourteen countries. If news has anything to do with what is new, then this campaign's birth and activity are the real news. What emerges is a portrait of a world in resistance.

Although there is an abyss of difference between the means of the two campaigns, there are also a few notable similarities. Both are creatures of the Information Age, which underlies the so-called "smart" technology on display in the war as well as the Internet, which has become the peace movement's principal organizing tool. Both are global—the United States seeks to demonstrate its self-avowed aim of global military supremacy, and the peace movement is equally determined to reject this. Not only is the whole world watching, as people used to say, the whole world is defending itself. Yet both campaigns are at the same time surprisingly agile, able to change their tactics and timing in response to events. Most interesting, perhaps, both conceive of power at least as much in terms of will as of force.

The first days of the war, for example, produced a surprise when the United States, instead of immediately showering missiles and bombs on Baghdad to produce "shock and awe," as predicted, instead carried out a limited strike aimed at killing Saddam Hussein and perhaps his sons. The goal, in the hideous phrase that now trips off so many tongues, was "decapitation" of the regime. Rumsfeld made clear the larger purpose in his briefing. He entertained the hope that the regime would collapse without a fight. "We continue to feel that there's no need for a broader conflict if the Iraqi leaders act to save themselves and to prevent such further conflict," he said, and proceeded to give these leaders a set of explicit instructions, as if he were already running Iraq: Do not destroy oil wells, do not blow up bridges, etc.

The unexpected twist in strategy generated a spate of admiring commentary. National Public Radio's Pentagon correspondent, Tom Gjelten, marveled that the new Administration policy was heavily "psychological." "The clear hope here was that somehow this regime will just collapse," he commented. "Maybe the war won't even be entirely necessary." And in an article called "A War of Subtle Strategy," the military analyst William Arkin called the new way of proceeding a "thinking man's war." In truth, however, the policy was less novel than the commentators were suggesting. History is filled with episodes of great armies drawing up before the gates of cities and demanding their surrender on pain of annihilation. (In Shakespeare's *Henry V*, for example, Henry menaces the inhabitants of Harfleur with plunder, rape and massacre if they do not yield up their town, and they do yield.) To have one's way without a fight is indeed the dream of every empire. Such is the strategy, for that matter, every time someone points a gun at someone else and orders "Hands up!" Far from being what Arkin calls a "middle ground—militarily and politically," such a tactic brings to perfection the policy of brute force—of shock and awe. The devastation threatened is so irresistible and crushing that its mere approach is meant to make the enemy surrender out of sheer terror. It aims to crush the will before the body is crushed.

Within a few days, however, the strategy of bloodless terror seemed to be foundering, as Iraqi forces proved willing to fight, and American and British forces were lured into cities where guerrilla operations against them began. A few early (and admittedly inadequate) indications suggest that the suffering people of Iraq, asked to choose between a dictator and a conqueror, wanted neither. In the words of one Iraqi opponent of the Hussein regime to the *New York Times* in the city of Nasiriya, "No Iraqi will support what the Americans are doing here. If they want to go to Baghdad, that's one thing, but now they have come into our cities, and all Iraqis will fight them."

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The global peace movement, too, makes its appeal to the will, but in a diametrically opposite spirit. It encourages people not to give up their beliefs in obedience to the dictates of force but to act on those beliefs in the face of force. The war, we are told, is being fought for freedom. But who, we may ask, are the free ones—those who knuckle under to violence or those who defy it? The new superpower possesses immense power, but it is a different kind of power: not the will of one man wielding the 21,000-pound MOAB but the hearts and wills of the majority of the world's people. Its victories have been triumphs of civil courage, like the vote of the Turkish Parliament to turn down a multibillion-dollar bribe and, in keeping with public opinion, refuse the United States the use of Turkish bases in the war, or like the refusal of the six small, nonpermanent members of the United Nations Security Council to succumb to great-power browbeating and support its resolution for war. The question everywhere was which superpower to obey—the single nation claiming that title, or the will of the people of the earth. Outside the imperial counsels, the people of the earth were prevailing.

Never, in fact, had this will been expressed more clearly than in the moments leading up to the US assault. On the brink of the war no public but the Israeli one supported it under the conditions in which it was being launched—that is, without UN support. Public-opinion polls showed that in most countries opposition to the war was closer to unanimity than to a mere majority. A Gallup poll showed that in "neutral" (and normally pro-American) Switzerland the figure was 90 percent, in Argentina 87 percent, in Nigeria 86 percent, in Bosnia (recently the beneficiary of NATO intervention on its behalf) 91 percent. In all of the countries whose governments supported the war except Israel's, the public opposed it. The "coalition of the willing" was a coalition of governments alone.

A new phenomenon of rolling demonstrations circled the world—not only in the great capitals but also in provincial cities and even small towns. (There was a demonstration in Afghanistan, the last scene of "regime change.") Most newspapers outside the United States opposed the war. UN Secretary General Kofi Annan expressed his chagrin. The Pope said the war "threatens the destiny of humanity." For once, the majority of the world's governments spoke up unequivocally for the majorities of their peoples.

The candles in windows did not stop the cruise missiles. The demonstrators did not block the tanks rolling north to Baghdad. Pope John Paul II did not stop President George W. Bush. Yet against all expectation, a global contest whose consequence far transcends the war in Iraq had arisen. Dr. Robert Muller of Costa Rica, a former assistant secretary general of the United Nations, caught the mood of the new peace movement when, at age 80, he received an award for his service to the UN. He startled his discouraged audience by saying, "I'm so honored to be here. I'm so honored to be alive at such a miraculous time in history. I'm so moved by what's going on in our world today." For "never before in the history of the world has there been a global, visible, public, viable, open dialogue and conversation about the very legitimacy of war." This was what it looked like, he said, to be "waging peace." It was "a miracle." Shock and awe has found its riposte in courage and wonder.

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Britain

MARIA MARGARONIS
Maria Margaronis writes from The Nation*'s London bureau.*

London

The night the war began, an ashen-faced woman in Parliament Square held up a photograph of an Iraqi soldier, reduced to a smudge of carbon but for his head and feet—an image from the last Gulf War. "He's the same age as my son. I put a lot into bringing up my son." She'd come from Redbridge, a London suburb not known for its radicalism. "We're not political animals," the man with her confirmed. "But this comes from the heart. We're being patronized by Tony Blair—how can we follow George Bush? I just feel utterly disgusted."

Most people expected the protests in Britain to die down once the bombs started falling and the media switched into we're-backing-our-boys mode. It hasn't turned out that way. On the first day of the invasion, spontaneous protests sprang up across the country in response to the Stop the War Coalition's call for a walkout from work, school or college. In Leeds, protesters closed the main motorway; in Manchester several thousand young people shut down the city center. Civil servants left government offices, including the deputy prime minister's. Thousands of schoolchildren walked out of class under their teachers' noses, roaring and chanting, sitting in the streets. The young are back in politics with a vengeance, high on that heady mix of joy at their own rebellion and horror at the war. Saturday's demonstration in London surprised even the organizers: More than 200,000 people marched to Hyde Park with whistles, horns and drums, making a most un-British racket. Girls in *hijab* walked with girls in crop tops, peace slogans lipsticked on their faces. Flags pledged allegiance to a world with a different tilt: the Tricolor, the flag of Palestine, the UN banner, Italy's rainbow peace flag (these days, even movements must have merchandise).

The mood has shifted now that the killing's started. It's not "Mr. Blair" anymore; it's "Blair out, Blair out, Blair out." In Westminster, scores of policemen stood shoulder to shoulder to shield the people's representatives from their constituents' anger. A pirate flag with George Bush for a death's head went up in orange flames. In Hyde Park, no one I spoke to really thought we could turn back the bombers, but no one thought it was too late for protest either: "We have to let them know we're watching them." "If we weren't here they wouldn't be looking where they put the bombs."

When Blair appeared on television to announce the invasion's beginning he looked haggard, almost desperate—a striking contrast to Bush's smug belligerence. He knew he was addressing a deeply divided nation, asking us to trust him on a matter that's in fact no longer in his hands. As British airmen are shot down by US missiles, as British ministers looking for reconstruction contracts are snubbed in Washington, as the Iraqis fight instead of dance in the streets, the illusion that Blair has some say in America's enterprise is losing what's left of its luster. If the invasion goes badly and the Pentagon has to choose between more dead Americans and more dead civilians, the feeling of betrayal will be deeper still. By backing Bush against Europe, the United Nations, much of his own party and almost half the population, Blair has thrown away

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the last of the good will he won when he unseated the Tories. The movement against the war draws on great reservoirs of disappointment. At this moment, it doesn't feel like something that will easily dissipate.

Vietnam

PETER DAVIS

Peter Davis is an author and filmmaker who received an Academy Award for his Vietnam War documentary Hearts and Minds.

Hanoi

In this country, where a US military attack echoes more loudly perhaps than anywhere else in the world, protesters against the war are expressing themselves from Hanoi in the north to central Vietnam to Ho Chi Minh City to the Mekong Delta in the south. At Nha Trang, a resonant place-name in our old war, 7,000 people demonstrated against our new one. The chief sentiment is not support for Saddam Hussein but, in light of the Vietnamese experience with the American military, sympathy for the Iraqi people.

In Hanoi the government condemned the war as "a gross violation of fundamental principles of international law, including the United Nations charter." Such language is unexceptional in prosperous countries that look at the United States on an almost equal footing economically. In Vietnam, which desperately needs American trade and is urgently trying to attract US investment, the condemnation is an act of courage. Since the normalization of diplomatic relations less than ten years ago, the Vietnamese have worked hard to be friendly to an often indifferent America, and any criticism of the United States is generally muted. The war against Iraq threatens to unravel the meticulously rebuilt relationship.

I was at a meeting with Vietnamese officials of an NGO when the first American bombs were hitting Baghdad. It was a dark moment. The NGO administrators, all of whom are friendly with Americans in a variety of fields, shook their heads. "I can't believe the American people are going along with this war," one said, still generously wanting to absolve us of responsibility for our leaders. Another official, just old enough to remember the last part of the American war here, said with resignation, "It makes me very sad to see the United States allowing itself to behave in the way of tyranny. It is never right to close off the possibilities of peaceful resolution when you yourself have not been threatened by the people you have chosen to attack. The danger, of course, is not only for Iraqis but for the world in the future, because when Bush ignores the UN and all the protests against his policy, he turns back the clock to the law of the jungle."

If there is an American expat in Hanoi—outside the diplomatic community itself—who actually agrees with the new American war, I have not found this person in meetings and occasions that have brought me into close contact with dozens of US citizens. Lady Borton, an author and well-known international affairs representative for the American Friends Service Committee, has lived here since the late 1960s and speaks fluent Vietnamese. She opposes the war herself, as she opposed the Vietnam War. "One consistent strain runs through the words of all the Vietnamese I see," she told me. "It is pain and horror for the people of Iraq. The middle-aged and elders know. They've been there themselves. The young just say they can't believe we'd do what we're doing. A report today says we're starting to plant mines in Iraq. Every week Vietnamese children are still being maimed by landmines buried thirty years ago. It never ends when you go down this path."

Gerald Herman, an American businessman and entrepreneur who has lived in Vietnam for ten years, says that what is especially poignant about the Vietnamese is not their reaction to the war in Iraq but their sympathy for Americans after 9/11. "Every single Vietnamese I know, including two young men I had to fire from my company, got in touch then to offer condolences," Herman said. "I expected at least one person to tell me, 'Now you know what it feels like,' but no one did. Knowing I was from New York, people were asking me if I had friends or relatives in the twin towers. It was remarkable, profound compassion. Now we've totally squandered that."

Meanwhile, the US Embassy has sent out an advisory warning us all to "avoid crowds and demonstrations, keep a low profile"—which at least partly means, don't let your voice be heard if you happen to think this war is wrong. One feels safer here, less a target for random violence—not to mention a terrorist—than in most cities in America. For the first time in my life I'm sorry to be on my way home.

At the War Remnants Museum in Ho Chi Minh City, where a small selection of brutalities from the Vietnam War are displayed, a Nebraskan wrote in the visitors' book, "Please do not confuse the Bush Administration with the American people." I wish I agreed. I'm not sure we should be let off that hook so easily, either by the overwhelmingly friendly Vietnamese people I have met here in the last three weeks or by ourselves, as each one of us considers our participatory role in what is happening while we descend, in the fashion of ancient Rome, from a republic to an empire.

Russia

KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

Katrina vanden Heuvel is editor of The Nation.

Moscow

A few hours after the United States launched its first missile attack against Baghdad, I spoke to 400 students and faculty at Moscow's largest university of commerce and economics. The mood in the packed hall was tense. My theme: the loyal opposition to war in America. The eager questions came in rapid-fire sequence: Will this war destroy the United Nations? How can a democratically elected President wage an unlawful war? Why does the Bush Administration treat us like a province of a new American empire?

These students are Russia's Westernized elite—the country's future leaders of commerce and business. Yet their anger at America was palpable, and expressed most vividly in the anti-war resolution they had drafted and unanimously adopted earlier that morning. "We demand an end to the war.... We demand the resignation of the Bush Administration, and the exile of George Bush and his family from the United States." It continued, "Bush and his team of aggressors should be brought before an international tribunal and charged with crimes against

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humanity." The resolution was delivered by hand to President Vladimir Putin that afternoon.

There are various opinions in Russia's political elite and media about the factors behind America's "imperial" war against Iraq. But one of the most startling for an American draws a sharp parallel with the former Soviet Union's behavior abroad. The Brezhnev Doctrine, as it was called from the Soviet invasion of Prague in 1968 until the rise of Mikhail Gorbachev in 1985, asserted that countries in the Soviet orbit—primarily in Eastern Europe—had only "limited sovereignty," and therefore that Moscow alone had the right to decide the nature of those countries' political regimes. This was, it is pointed out here, an early version of Washington's current doctrine of pre-emptive war and regime change, and thus the talk in Moscow about "Bush's Brezhnev Doctrine."

While Russians overwhelmingly oppose the war—a poll taken hours after it started shows that 71 percent view US actions against Iraq as the greatest threat to world peace and 93 percent opposed the bombing of Iraq, while positive opinion of the United States has fallen dramatically, from 68 percent to 28 percent in the past month—few have taken to the streets to protest. The weekend after the war began, about 2,000 members of the pro-Kremlin youth group Walking Together braved Moscow's subzero temperatures to rally outside the US ambassador's residence. They carried several thousand blue containers of oil. "We are ready to bring as much as is needed," the group's leader said, "to meet American needs and stop the war." Across from the US Embassy, about 300 largely elderly demonstrators waved banners and placards reading VETO TO WAR and USA—INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST NO. 1. A small group of schoolchildren later joined the crowd and sang a song written for the occasion: *America parasha, pobeda budet nasha*, or "America is trash, victory will be ours."

Russia's small street protests reflect the people's resignation, alienation from politics and mass impoverishment. "In the past several years," one young protester told me, "many have come to believe that street demonstrations are useless. They have done nothing to improve our lives, and most people believe the Kremlin doesn't care about public opinion. It's what we call 'managed democracy' or 'constitutional dictatorship.'" "After all," he continued, "if people don't go out to protest against Russia's war in Chechnya, the cancer on our country's soul, why should they protest against America's war in Iraq?"

While the streets may be relatively quiet, a political struggle rages inside the Kremlin. Since September 11, President Putin, the ex-KGB colonel whose soul Bush once looked into so admiringly, has come under high-level attack for his professed strategic alliance with the United States. Many Russians believe that Putin's national security policy has consisted of giving the Bush Administration concessions that have been met only by broken US promises and imperial aggrandizement—from the garrisoning of American troops and bases in central Asia to the shredding of the ABM treaty. "He has sold out our country and betrayed our national interests," a former Putin supporter told me. Opposition to the US war in Iraq has allowed Putin to reposition himself as a defender of Russia's national interests. The day after war started, in a nationally televised address, Putin went further than even antiwar European leaders such as French President Chirac in denouncing US actions as a "big political mistake" that threatens international security and will lead to a humanitarian catastrophe.

The key question facing Russia today is whether its opposition to the US war against Iraq will end Putin's increasingly frayed partnership with Bush, and open the door to some new kind of cold war. The day I left Moscow, the US ambassador was called to the Foreign Ministry—for the first time since 1996—in protest against US U-2 overflights along Russia's border. Accusations that Russian companies have sold Iraq military equipment have raised a diplomatic storm. Broadcasts and papers once fiercely pro-Western are gloating about US military defeats and tactical failures. And the three main television stations, all state-controlled or pro-Kremlin, were quick to broadcast the Al-Jazeera tape showing American POWs. Commentary on radio and TV talk shows mocked Defense Secretary Rumsfeld's invocation of the Geneva conventions and described White House efforts to censor US newscasters as America's "new McCarthyism," a term used frequently these days by Russian journalists, who think they see parallels between Brezhnev's Russia and Bush's America.

France

MARK CRAMER

Mark Cramer is the author of FunkyTowns USA *(TBS) and* Culture Shock! Bolivia *(Graphic Arts Center). He lives in France.*

Paris

Following the first attack at 3 AM French time, the morning papers were ready with generic "War Is Here" headlines, accompanied by full-page images of dark skies. During the day, France was reminded in the media by President Chirac that peaceful disarmament could have been accomplished, and that "whatever the duration of the war, the long-term consequences will be heavy," while Foreign Minister Dominique de Villepin insisted that the situation in Israel and Palestine represented a greater threat to Middle East peace than Iraq did, one that needed to be resolved with assured security for Israel and justice for the Palestinians.

Students of my son's lycée went through with their planned walkouts, joining with students from across Paris. At a company where I tutor a sales executive in English, it was clear when I arrived that the receptionist had been crying. "I know what it's like to be bombed," she said, referring to her experience in Belgrade. "I can't believe they continue this insanity." My student said she was unable to concentrate on selling handbags. "I don't know a single person who believes in this war," she added.

Outside, heavy police guards were protecting the US Embassy and barricaded consulate, normally heavy traffic was halted within a 500-meter radius and an eerie silence hung over usually congested streets. Traditionally off-limits to demonstrations because of its proximity to the US Embassy, the immense Place de la Concorde began filling up with 100,000 protesters by 6:30 PM. Students arrived with a loudspeaker playing "Imagine" and "Stop the War." Members of Americans in France Against the War on Iraq attached posters to their bodies on which were printed a drawing of George W. Bush and the words "Wanted: War Criminal."

Many non-affiliated newcomers were among those at the demonstration. "I heard it announced on Europe 1 Radio," one Frenchman said. "I don't believe the argument about weapons of mass

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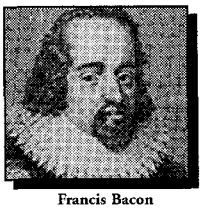
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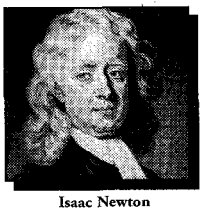
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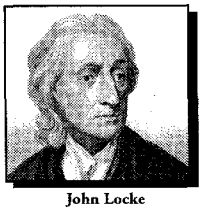
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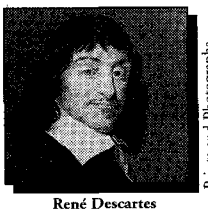
René Descartes

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He is author or editor of more than 40 books, including *Wild Beasts & Idle Humours: The Insanity Defense from Antiquity to the Present, An Intellectual History of Psychology, The Mind: An Oxford Reader,* and *Aristotle's Psychology.*

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destruction," said another. "Everyone knows they want to control the oil." "We really thought Chirac would eventually follow Bush to war," said an experienced activist. "We never liked the man, but now he deserves credit."

Two days later, yet another demonstration, the third in eight days, drew 100,000. Leaders from diverse leftist parties, so often at odds, marched arm in arm in an unprecedented show of unity; the marchers included Bertrand Delanoë, socialist mayor of Paris. Spirited spectator applause greeted the American contingent along the way. When I arrived home, two regular gamblers came out from the horse-betting cafe across from my apartment, happily oblivious to the war, I assumed. "How was the demonstration?" one of them asked. "Huge," I responded. They gave me the thumbs-up sign.

China

JEN LIN-LIU

Jen Lin-Liu is an American journalist based in China who writes for The Chronicle of Higher Education *and* Newsweek International.

Beijing

The pedicab driver stretched out in the passenger seat, his legs thrown over the bicycle seat, half dozing and half listening to the latest news updates in the hours after America began its missile strikes against Iraq. This image stuck in my mind while I walked through Beijing's streets, because it seemed to illustrate China's passive yet paradoxically vigilant attitude toward the unfolding war.

Given China's censored media, citizens have generally suffered from a lack of information. But not during this war. Radio talk shows discuss America's possible military strategies. Mobile phone users are receiving news about the war via text messages. Passengers watch the latest war updates on flat-screen televisions on Shanghai's public buses. State-controlled television news, which has been running twenty-four-hour coverage, updates viewers so frequently that at least a few times anchors have had to apologize for misreporting. On the first day of battle, a couple of gaffes included reporting that Saddam Hussein's son had been killed and that the United States had taken over certain Iraqi television stations. The rabid coverage could be explained by China's progress toward relaxed censorship rules—but it also indicates its disapproval of the war. And if China is officially taking a more muted stance (it condemns the US action but did not threaten to veto the UN resolution), the country can at least take an active role in monitoring the unfolding events.

The words "Iraq" and "America" have been passing through their lips in recent weeks, but many Chinese don't seem to have a specific opinion on the matter—until you listen closely to what they're saying. "We don't care about so many things. After living through the Cultural Revolution, we've learned not to interfere," one middle-aged tea vendor said. Then he continued: "We're not going to interfere in the matter, just as America shouldn't be interfering in other countries' business." Indeed, he has made his point, albeit in the least confrontational way possible. Others were more blunt. "America is too hegemonic," one cab driver said. "They're trying to be the world's policeman. I think a country should take care of their own affairs before managing others'."

Of course, one reason the Chinese haven't been more vociferous is because of the country's ban against protests—the government has had to balance its disapproval of the US-led war with attempts to cultivate its growing economic ties with America. Beijing students who requested permission to stage an antiwar rally were reportedly turned down. A group of academics staged a small antiwar effort when they presented a letter to the US Embassy in Beijing that stated, "The Bush Administration has failed to offer a clear *casus belli*, while offering on different occasions varying reasons for going to war, none of which stand up to close examination." The ever-capitalist Shanghai protested in true consumer style: A couple of hundred residents, a combination of foreigners and locals, showed up at the city's busiest market wearing red one Sunday in late February to protest the war effort. "Because of the moral vacuum that exists in China, we tried to make things as nonconfrontational as possible," says one organizer of the offbeat demonstration. "It was a very empowering experience."

Israel

NEVE GORDON

Neve Gordon teaches politics at Ben-Gurion University and can be reached at ngordon@bgumail.bgu.ac.il.

Jerusalem

As I was driving home from work late Wednesday night, it became clear that the assault would begin within hours. On two radio stations the Home Front Command instructed the public to open their protective kits, offering tips on how to operate the gas masks and advising everyone to carry the masks at all times. Another station, which usually airs Hebrew pop music, broadcast the same instructions in Russian, English, French and Arabic, while people were requested to tune in to a fourth station before going to sleep and to keep it on all night. This is the "silent channel," which broadcasts instructions only in times of emergency.

The following morning the Tel Aviv municipal airport was packed with families fleeing for Eilat. A friend called to report that only 35 percent of the pupils attended her son's school in Ramat Gan, the city in which the Scud missiles fell in 1991. Yet she, like most of my acquaintances, did not prepare a sealed room, suggesting that alongside the general panic, people do not actually believe that Iraq will attack Israel. Hardly anyone was seen walking the streets with gas mask in hand, as opposed to 1991, when people carried them wherever they went.

Meanwhile, a group of activists gathered in front of the Supreme Court in Jerusalem, which was scheduled to discuss the expulsion of Palestinian cave dwellers from the South Hebron hills. They actually wore their masks, declaring that the real existential threats to Israel are the poisonous gases of racism and apartheid being employed by the government and settlers, not Saddam Hussein.

The media failed to report this protest. The preparation for war has managed to eclipse almost all forms of opposition, particularly those relating to the two major issues confronting Israel: the ongoing oppression of the Palestinians and the internal eco-

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nomic crisis. Accordingly, the Israeli press hardly mentioned the death of American peace activist Rachel Corrie, who was run over on March 16 by a Caterpillar military bulldozer while trying to prevent the destruction of a Palestinian home. The fact that per capita food consumption has declined by 30 percent in the Gaza Strip and that the population is experiencing severe malnutrition equivalent to levels found in poorer sub-Saharan countries (as recently reported in a Johns Hopkins University study) does not warrant even a short commentary.

The media blackout has not, however, demoralized the activists. On Saturday, 300 members of Ta'ayush, the Arab Jewish Partnership, broke the military siege, delivering thirty tons of flour to six Palestinian villages. Simultaneously, Yesh Gvul ("There Is a Limit") protesters held a vigil outside a military jail where twelve conscientious objectors are being held for refusing to take part in Israel's subjugation of the occupied Palestinians. The imprisoned objectors called upon the American, British and Australian soldiers fighting in Iraq to fulfill their democratic duty and refuse to participate in an unjust war.

Philippines

WALDEN BELLO

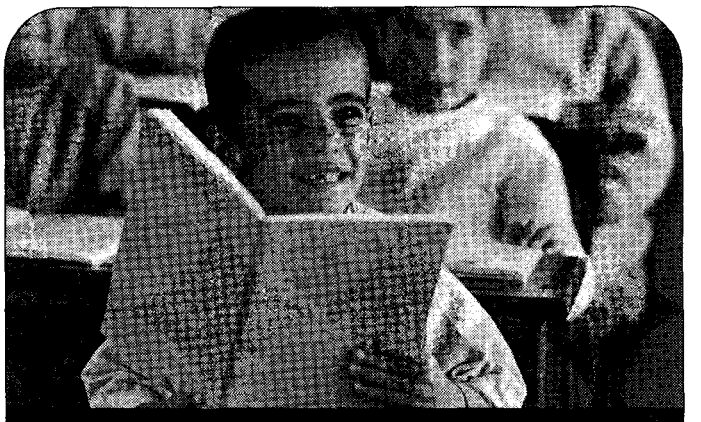
Walden Bello is a professor of sociology and public administration at the University of the Philippines. He was in Baghdad March 14–17 as a member of the Asian Peace Mission, a delegation of parliamentarians and members of civil society from different countries in Asia.

Manila

When US and British forces crossed into Iraq at dawn on March 20, I was in transit from Damascus to the Philippines. At the Gulf city of Dubai, I bade goodbye to Maha, a refugee from Iraq who had fled Baghdad a month earlier. She said she was lucky she had a husband, a trader, waiting for her in Dubai. "I feel ashamed leaving," she confessed. "But there's no way we can resist. Our people have no arms. But my brother and sister, they're staying, and they and their children will fight."

Also at Dubai, I met Maricon Vazquez, the chief nurse of one of the biggest hospitals in Kuwait, who, like me, was heading for Manila. One of the estimated 60,000 Filipino workers in Kuwait, she worried that a long war could dislocate her and millions of other foreign workers. I also met Garzon, a Syrian businessman; his great fear is that Syria, whose ruling party shares the same Baath Arab socialist ideology as Iraq's, is the next candidate for regime change. "They can always resort to the charge that we sponsor terrorist groups against Israel," he said.

I arrived in Manila to find the country divided between a furious antiwar movement and a government that is one of Washington's staunchest allies. President Gloria Macapagal Arroyo wasted no time declaring that "we stand beside the coalition forces in the fight to redeem [Iraqi] freedom." Yet the government's posture is not totally scripted by Washington. Government spokespersons fanned out to tell the people that one of the main reasons the Philippines sides with the United States is that its construction firms and its workers will have a share in the "rebuilding" of Iraq.



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I had gone to Baghdad as part of an "Asian Peace Mission," and my thoughts keep returning to our encounter with the students of Baghdad University on March 16. At the College of English, Professor Abdul Zaater Jawad had told us, "We are intent on finishing the syllabus, war or no war." Students in a class on Shakespeare were discussing *Romeo and Juliet* when we interrupted them, seemingly determined to carry on with life as usual. Yet the conversation immediately revealed that they know what lies ahead and have come to terms with it.

What do they think of George Bush? "He is like Tybalt, clumsy and ill intentioned," said a young woman in near-perfect English, alluding to Romeo's tormentor. What do they think about Bush's promise to liberate Iraqis? Answered another student, "We've been invaded by many armies for thousands of years, and those who wanted to conquer us always said they wanted to liberate us."

Youth and spring are a heady brew, and we all felt sadness as we sped away. Some of those eager new fans of Shakespeare will not see another spring. And for no other reason than the empire's need to engage in a stupendous demonstration of its might.

Jordan

MOUIN RABBANI

Mouin Rabbani is a Middle East analyst residing in Amman.

Amman

The shockingly awful Anglo-American invasion of Iraq means that Jordan is now literally situated between two wars: To the west, the increasingly bloody Israeli-Palestinian confrontation is now well into its third year. To the east, indications are that it will be at least as long before peace and stability take hold in Iraq.

This war could not have come at a worse time for Jordan. Public opinion, much of which is of Palestinian origin and is constantly bombarded with images of Israel's bloody counterinsurgency in the occupied territories, reached the boiling point well before Bush discovered Iraq. The Jordanian economy, suffering from the combined effects of UN sanctions on Iraq, the Palestinian intifada, 9/11 and the global recession, is in the doldrums. And late last year in the southern Jordanian city of Ma'an, armed confrontations between residents and security forces claimed a number of lives.

The dilemma for Jordan's young king, Abdullah II, is acute. Whereas his late father, King Hussein, opted out of the coalition that confronted Iraq in 1991, the current monarch has concluded that in the post-9/11 world one does not risk incurring Washington's wrath. But because he rules over a population that has come to detest the United States even more than it does Israel, cooperation has to be kept firmly out of the limelight. The result is that the extent of Jordan's involvement is the subject of few facts, many rumors and an equal number of official denials.

As the Jordanian government braces for further demonstrations against the war, the security forces are very much in evidence. Although demonstrations have been banned, they are growing and spreading, with more than fifty-five reported through March 23. They also reflect local concerns; the March 20 missile attack that failed to decapitate the Iraqi leadership dismembered a Jordanian truck driver, and two days later another American missile incinerated four Jordanian university students returning home from the northern Iraqi town of Mosul.

Yet, neither Jordanian corpses nor the residual support for Saddam Hussein among some in this country even begins to explain the intensity of feeling against Washington and its war. As one enraged Jordanian expressed it, "This is not a war against Iraq but against the entire Arab world—to destroy it, control its oil and make the West Bank safe for Ariel Sharon's settlements." A more common refrain is "The Iraqi people have suffered enough."

Others prefer to see this as "a war by the Christian fundamentalists in America and the Jewish fundamentalists in Tel Aviv against Islam." "A few more days of shock and awe," noted an observer, "and Osama bin Laden can uncork the proverbial champagne." "The main problem Al Qaeda is going to face after this war," predicted another, "is the competition." Meanwhile, the mass influx of refugees has not (yet) materialized. Rather, hundreds of Iraqi refugees have been leaving Jordan to take up arms against the Americans. "I'm not fighting for Saddam," said one. "I'm fighting for Iraq."

The occupation of Iraq strikes a particularly sensitive chord in the Arab world, whose colonial legacy has yet to be fully resolved. So too do Washington's ever more brazen double standards: As Baghdad was being saturated with high explosives, the Bush Administration allocated $9 billion in loan guarantees to Israel—which had requested only $8 billion.

Egypt

STEVE NEGUS

Steve Negus, who has worked as a journalist in Egypt since 1993, is the former editor of the Cairo Times.

Cairo

My neighbor, who like many Egyptians prefers not to see his name in print, asked me about my nationality the morning the war broke out. "French?" he inquired hopefully. American, I told him. He made a playful grimace. The US-led invasion of Iraq, he argued, could only be an attempt to take Arab oil—he couldn't believe the problem was really Iraq's weapons, because every day on television he saw progress in the inspections. He's upset that his government is not doing anything to stop the war, but he doesn't know how to make his voice heard. "The people of Egypt are like this," he said, choking his throat with his hand.

Few Egyptians have anything good to say about Saddam Hussein. President Hosni Mubarak, though nominally opposing regime change by force, has tried to deflect popular anger onto the Iraqi leader, declaring on television that Saddam must take full responsibility for the crisis. Nonetheless, the afternoon the war began, several thousand protesters took over Tahrir Square in the center of Cairo to demonstrate against both the US war and their own government's inaction. The rally might not have been much by global standards. In Egypt, however, martial law has been in force continuously for more than twenty years, and the usual street protest sees a few hundred activists surrounded by a phalanx of riot police so that they do not mix with the public.

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Some of the more radical demonstrators, chanting "Burn down the embassy and throw out the ambassador," tried to break through to the mammoth US diplomatic compound a few blocks away but were stopped by water cannon. For the most part, however, the protests were free of violence—organizers shouting "Peacefully! Peacefully!" blocked one flurry of stone-throwing by dashing in front of the riot police. Elsewhere, Islamists, Nasserite nationalists, leftists, Egyptian and expatriate students from the nearby American University in Cairo, government employees, street children and others marched and mingled. Development worker Adam Awny remembers nothing like it in Egypt. "It was fantastic, a tremendous spirit of people power, of taking control."

That was Thursday. On Friday, police tried to break up protesters who had gathered outside the 1,000-year-old al-Azhar mosque after Friday prayers. One group of several hundred was pushed downtown, where it rapidly snowballed into many thousands. Security panicked, turning water cannon and club-armed plainclothes "militias" loose on the crowds. The result was the largest street riot central Cairo has seen in twenty-five years. The morning after, police went about the city rounding up everyone they suspected may have been involved—from known activists to teenagers who happened to be wearing Palestinian kaffiyehs.

The streets have been quiet over the past few days. The state's willingness to crack down, combined with a generally ineffective opposition leadership, means that Egypt's protests have a way of flaring and dying. Nonetheless, the few Cairenes lucky enough to have been near Tahrir Square on the afternoon of March 20 got a sense of what an Egypt free of martial law could be.

Spain

SAM LOEWENBERG

Sam Loewenberg is a writer based in Madrid.

Madrid

The Spanish capital took on the air of a battle zone the weekend after the war began, as antiwar protesters clashed with riot police throughout the city. A bizarre scene greeted nighttime revelers moving between Madrid's bars and theaters on Friday and Saturday night, as protesters ran down the streets in packs chased by police in black helmets and swinging batons. The city's emergency services reported that 168 people were injured, including fifty people protesting outside the US Embassy on Friday, according to *El País*.

On Saturday evening, officers lined Madrid's main boulevard, the Gran Via, holding black anti-riot shields and occasionally firing shotguns, presumably loaded with blanks, into the air. In Barcelona on Friday, police fired rubber bullets, slightly injuring several protesters.

As the bombs dropped over Baghdad, the demonstrations had a different tone from the ones in the preceding weeks, and by nightfall they had dissolved into anarchy. Dozens of garbage cans were lit on fire, and masked teenage protesters screamed and taunted the armored police arrayed along the streets. Miguel Gamzo, 21, said he is upset that the war has started despite all of the public opposition. "I am angry, but happy at the same time. People came from all over the place to protest the war. It was spontaneous." Friday and Saturday saw impromptu demonstrations in Madrid's central square, the Puerta del Sol, drawing tens of thousands of people from all walks of life. Chants ranged from "*No a la Guerra!*" to "*Aznar es idiota!*"

Spain has seen more war protests than any other European country, despite Prime Minister José María Aznar's support of the US and British invasion. In the days before the invasion, Socialist opposition leader José Luis Rodriguez Zapatero, whose party has seen a surge of support, denounced Aznar in Parliament: "Most of the people believe you've failed and that you've lied—lied to this Parliament and to the people." Polls find that more than 80 percent of the Spanish public opposes the war. "It is like living under Franco again," said one young protester who declined to give her name. "Except," she added, "now we can protest publicly."

Nigeria

WAZIRI ADIO

Waziri Adio is a member of the editorial board of This Day, *a Nigerian daily newspaper.*

Lagos

The gym is the last place to look for an impassioned discussion of global politics in Nigeria, a country that is currently preoccupied with gasoline scarcity, rising political and ethnic violence, and anxiety over the April general elections. But early on March 20, a fitness center in Lagos, Nigeria's commercial capital, was transformed into a venue for strongly expressed views. The lone television set in the cramped gym was tuned to Sky News, a British cable news network, beaming footage of the bombardment that confirmed that the US-led war against Iraq had started. Dripping with sweat, a group of mostly middle-class fitness buffs gravitated toward the TV and worked up the heat in the room. Except for a lone voice that was soon crowded out, the consensus was that there was no justification for this war. "I don't understand this war. This is American terrorism," one said.

The war started at 3:30 AM Nigerian time. Caller after caller to the early morning call-in radio programs railed about America's disdain for the rest of the world, its arrogance and its desperation for oil. In homes, buses and offices, the war upstaged Nigeria's myriad problems as the topic of discussion of choice. Most Nigerians are angry at the United States, even while they unabashedly covet the American way of life. Some are so angry they don't want to hear any news on the war. A leading politician asked that all the TV sets in his house be turned off.

But the Nigerian media continue to buzz with the story of the moment. Television stations flash updates. Even radio disc jockeys talk about the war. Four national dailies delayed their presses by at least four hours in order to include the story on Thursday morning. *Punch*, *This Day*, the *Guardian* and the *Daily Champion* led with stories and pictures of the bombardment of Iraq. Since then, the war story continues to dominate the front pages. In their editorial pages, Nigerian newspapers don't disguise their contempt for America's arrogance and aggression.

The *Guardian* wrote that "the civilized world is shocked and perplexed that at this day and age, the unilateral and irresponsible use of power and brute force can happen," while *This Day* said

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that "this war has proven that although America is strong in hard power of bombs and cruise missiles, it is indisputably a weakling in soft power of diplomacy and moral authority."

The war is already sparking a diplomatic row between Nigeria and the United States. President Olusegun Obasanjo had teamed up with President Thabo Mbeki of South Africa and Abdoulaye Wade of Senegal to write letters to George W. Bush, UN Secretary General Kofi Annan and Saddam Hussein on the need to avert war. The US State Department reportedly expressed displeasure to President Obasanjo on the tone of the letter and asked him to join Wade, who withdrew his letter. Obasanjo, however, stood his ground.

On Friday the United States closed its embassy in Abuja and its consulate in Lagos and withdrew support for the Nigerian police because of what US officials here called "human rights abuses." But Nigerian officials refused to be cowed. The minister of state for foreign affairs told the American ambassador that Nigeria is a sovereign nation entitled to its positions on global affairs. If the United States withdrew its support on account of this, Nigeria was not concerned. "So be it," the minister said.

India

PRAFUL BIDWAI

Praful Bidwai is a New Delhi–based political analyst, a columnist with twenty-five Indian newspapers and a peace activist.

New Delhi

The Indian public has long been suspicious of the US arguments for military action against Iraq and the legitimacy of any "regime change" executed by a superpower with imperial ambitions. Indians strongly opposed the 1991 Gulf War and supported the lifting of sanctions against Iraq well before they were relaxed in recent years. (India has since become Iraq's biggest source of food and medicine.)

Indians saw the Security Council debate as a (failed) charade to win a fig leaf of legitimacy for an unjust war. More than 85 percent of people polled opposed the war. They are particularly horrified and revolted by the "shock and awe" operation. There is a surge of sympathy here for ordinary Iraqis—Indians see them as Third World people much like themselves, with similar tastes in music and food, who share a history of fighting colonialism.

There is a growing rift between India's official policy and popular perceptions. The right-wing Hindu government has ducked a Parliament vote on Iraq—a near-unanimous opposition demand. It has wriggled between saying no war without Security Council authorization and (timidly) opposing "regime change." Occasionally, Prime Minister Vajpayee piously says there should be no war anywhere.

The real reason for India's pusillanimity is its courtship of America and the US offer of lucrative contracts in Iraq's postwar reconstruction. New Delhi calls the United States its "strategic partner" and woos it as an ally in its parochial rivalry with Pakistan, which acquired an especially nasty, dangerous edge after the 1998 nuclear tests.

Indians are shocked and angered at their government's statements that place the blame for war not on the United States but on the Security Council, for not "harmonizing" its positions on Iraq! Originally a founding leader of the Non-Aligned Movement, India has traveled a long distance at the governmental level. The public hasn't. It instinctively abhors hints of empire and double standards on weapons of mass destruction.

The only Indians who support the government are confused right-wing liberals and "realist" hawks who confidently predicted a victory "within days" for the war coalition. Stiff resistance by Iraq's army and militia guerrillas belies these predictions. Most Indians don't want to see civilian deaths or a quick victory for the war coalition.

The antiwar sentiment among the people and civil society organizations is strong, although there haven't been huge organized protests. On February 10 and 15 and March 15, 20 and 22, there were spirited (but underreported) demonstrations in more than 100 cities. On March 22 protesters chained themselves to the gates of the US Embassy in New Delhi. And antiwar campaigns are growing.

The war's backlash will be strong in India's neighborhood—especially in Pakistan and Afghanistan, where fundamentalists will try to harness anti-US sentiments. The March 23 massacre of twenty-four Hindus in Kashmir and the killing of a pro-ceasefire Kashmiri separatist guerrilla, Abdul Majid Dar—like last year's butchery of 2,000 Muslims in Gujarat—underscore the growing fundamentalist danger. Unless the secular antiwar opposition grows, fundamentalists could hijack the issue, causing yet more trouble in this strife-torn, volatile region.

Mexico

TANIA MOLINA RAMÍREZ

Tania Molina Ramírez is a journalist at the daily La Jornada.

Mexico City

"We have come to give flowers instead of missiles," a flower producer repeated, as he gave roses to the passers-by in the main square of Mexico City on Friday morning, hours after the US attacked Iraq. Seven hundred flower producers from several states had gathered that day with a double purpose: to protest the war and to continue with the campaign for a renegotiation of the North American Free Trade Agreement, which has adversely affected local producers.

This was just one of dozens of demonstrations, plays and performances that have taken place in all corners of Mexico since the start of the war. National issues—like widespread illegal electoral campaign funding and the proposal to militarize Ciudad Juárez following the murders of more than 300 women in that northern city since 1995—were set aside as TV sets throughout the country showed repeated images of bombs falling. Crossings along the 3,000-kilometer US-Mexico frontier, the busiest border in the world, were down to 10–15 percent of the normal rate. Also, the northern and southern borders and oil facilities are now heavily guarded by 20,000 Mexican soldiers, and five missile launchers have recently been installed at oil platform zones.

This country is binational—more than 20 million residents of Mexican origin live in the United States, and they send $10 bil-

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lion a year to Mexico, so war against Iraq is an issue that directly affects Mexicans, especially in the form of relatives sent to war.

A national survey revealed that 80 percent of Mexicans were against the war on March 21, up from 68 percent a month before. "If Bush loves humanity so much, he should begin by bombarding himself," a schoolteacher living in a small village in the southern Oaxaca mountains said to me a couple of days before the United States went to war.

On the other hand, many Mexicans living in the United States believe that if the Mexican government confronts George W. Bush, they will pay the price, suffering more discrimination and abuse from US authorities. And, they predict, Mexico will have a harder time negotiating a migration agreement with Washington. As Guadalupe Gómez, a Mexican migrant who is head of the official Institute for Mexicans Abroad Council, told *La Jornada* a week before the bombing began, "Our sons are going to die in the Persian Gulf, with or without Mexico's support.... If Mexico votes against [Bush in the UN Security Council], life will be impossible for us [migrants]. In the following two or three presidential periods, we are going to lose many young Mexicans, in exchange for what?"

On Monday the 17th, shortly after Bush gave Saddam Hussein an ultimatum, President Vicente Fox finally made up his mind on what to do at the UN. "We disagree" with the United States, Britain and Spain "on the timing and procedures" they followed to deal with the Iraq crisis, Fox told the nation. Everybody cheered, even opposition party and NGO leaders. Some say that Fox's position was influenced by the fact that this year there will be federal elections. If this is true, he's succeeding. As a taxi driver in his 60s told me the day after the war started, "This is the first thing Fox has done right."

Germany

PAUL HOCKENOS

Paul Hockenos, a journalist in Berlin, is the author of the forthcoming Homeland Calling: Exile Patriotism and the Balkan Wars *(Cornell).*

Berlin

I came across a sign the other day, inelegantly scrawled on cardboard and stuck to a telephone pole. It read FUCK BUSH. This was the day the United States announced there would be no second United Nations Security Council resolution. The curt message expressed more than Germany's overwhelming rejection of the American President's bullying of his allies and Washington's rationale for war with Iraq. It conveyed Germany's painful frustration at being completely powerless to dissuade its transatlantic ally or, more modestly, even its new Central European neighbors, from choosing the path of war.

In Spain and Britain hundreds of thousands, even millions, take to the streets protesting their leaderships' prowar stances. In contrast, the newly reawakened German peace movement seems sunk in resignation, an uninspired shadow of the protests that gripped West Germany in the early 1980s. One glaring problem, not faced by British and Spanish activists, is that the peace lobby here has nobody concrete to protest against, except the disembodied figure of George W. Bush, who they know isn't listening.

When *The Nation* is available in high school libraries, reports a survey conducted by School Library Media Quarterly, it is one of the top dozen magazines actually used by students. Unfortunately, in more than three libraries out of four—both public and high school libraries—*The Nation* is not available. The reasons? Everything from budget cuts to the "discretion" of the school board or librarian. The remedy? *The Nation*'s **ADOPT-A-LIBRARY** program. For just $29.97 (42% off our regular subscription rate) you can put a full year's issues of *The Nation* into an institution on our own "high priority" list—libraries where we feel *The Nation's* presence could make the most profound difference—ranging from inner-city high schools to one of the three libraries in Crawford, Texas, home to George W. Bush's rustic ranch.

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In Germany not a single politician from one of the five major parties, major intellectual, entertainment figure or sports star openly backed military action against Iraq without a UN resolution. (The opposition Christian Democrats blame the left-center leadership for blocking a US-led resolution and groused afterward that Germany's rightful place is on the side of the war-makers, not on the sidelines.) The city of Berlin even turned a blind eye when Greenpeace activists scaled the Brandenburg Gate and hung a banner from its hallowed columns.

Last May, Chancellor Gerhard Schröder ruled out German participation in an Iraq war with or without a UN resolution, and, in a rare display of tenacity on a matter of principle, has refused since to back down. The insignificance of Germany's "*Nein!*" was rubbed in its face when the United States repeatedly criticized Paris, as if Berlin didn't exist. Germans would have relished nothing more than being branded "Sauerkraut-eating surrender monkeys."

One vibrant exception in the German peace movement is Amis Against the War, a group of American dissenters living in Berlin, who staged a forty-eight-hour "Filibuster for Peace" at the Brandenburg Gate. Braving raw, cold nights, they managed to get quite a bit of German press—and a fair share of smirks too. The unilateralist, war-mongering USA of the Bushes and the Reagans is one many Germans gladly latch on to when thinking about Americans. A bumbling, stumbling George Bush fits the stereotype so much better than did Clinton. The fact that the United States has a left at all is either unknown to Germans or benignly dismissed.

Another unexpected bright spot is the country's young generation, which for the first time in decades is displaying an interest in the political world. The day bombs began to fall on Iraq—a school day, God forbid—50,000 high school pupils showed up on Berlin's Alexanderplatz in full demo-regalia to reinforce the 20,000 adult protesters already there. One sign read: WE AREN'T ALLOWED TO COMPARE BUSH TO HITLER. TOO BAD! The leftist daily *Die Tageszeitung* wrote: "Are these the same kids that sociologists routinely lambast as MTV-damaged illiterates?" Presumably the troupes of 12- and 13-year-old girls with MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR painted on their faces had parental permission. The school authorities, however, minced no words that truancy was punishable and next time they weren't turning the other cheek. But at least the kids were polite. One young man carried a sign saying BUCK FUSH. ■

Letter to America

PAR AVION
luftpost
CORREO AEREO

by Margaret Atwood

In order to provide international perspective in the debate over US foreign policy, The Nation *asked foreign commentators to share their reflections. This is the seventh in that series. —The Editors*

Dear America:

This is a difficult letter to write, because I'm no longer sure who you are. Some of you may be having the same trouble.

I thought I knew you: We'd become well acquainted over the past fifty-five years. You were the Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck comic books I read in the late 1940s. You were the radio shows—Jack Benny, *Our Miss Brooks*. You were the music I sang and danced to: the Andrews Sisters, Ella Fitzgerald, the Platters, Elvis. You were a ton of fun.

You wrote some of my favorite books. You created Huckleberry Finn, and Hawkeye, and Beth and Jo in *Little Women*, courageous in their different ways. Later, you were my beloved Thoreau, father of environmentalism, witness to individual conscience; and Walt Whitman, singer of the great Republic; and Emily Dickinson, keeper of the private soul. You were Hammett and Chandler, heroic walkers of mean streets; even later, you were the amazing trio, Hemingway, Fitzgerald and Faulkner, who traced the dark labyrinths of your hidden heart. You were Sinclair Lewis and Arthur Miller, who, with their own American idealism, went after the sham in you, because they thought you could do better.

You were Marlon Brando in *On the Waterfront*, you were Humphrey Bogart in *Key Largo*, you were Lillian Gish in *Night of the Hunter*. You stood up for freedom, honesty and justice; you protected the innocent. I believed most of that. I think you did, too. It seemed true at the time.

You put God on the money, though, even then. You had a way of thinking that the things of Caesar were the same as the things of God: That gave you self-confidence. You have always wanted to be a city upon a hill, a light to all nations, and for a while you were. Give me your tired, your poor, you sang, and for a while you meant it.

We've always been close, you and us. History, that old entangler, has twisted us together since the early seventeenth century. Some of us used to be you; some of us want to be you; some of you used to be us. You are not only our neighbors: In many cases—mine, for instance—you are also our blood relations, our colleagues and our personal friends. But although we've had a ringside seat, we've never understood you completely, up here north of the 49th parallel. We're like Romanized Gauls—look like Romans, dress like Romans, but aren't Romans—peering over the wall at the real Romans. What are they doing? Why? What are they doing now? Why is the haruspex

Canadian author Margaret Atwood studied American literature—among other things—at Radcliffe and Harvard in the 1960s. She is the author of ten novels. Her eleventh, Oryx and Crake, *will be published by Nan A. Talese/Doubleday in May.*

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eyeballing the sheep's liver? Why is the soothsayer wholesaling the Bewares?

Perhaps that's been my difficulty in writing you this letter: I'm not sure I know what's really going on. Anyway, you have a huge posse of experienced entrail-sifters who do nothing but analyze your every vein and lobe. What can I tell you about yourself that you don't already know?

This might be the reason for my hesitation: embarrassment, brought on by a becoming modesty. But it is more likely to be embarrassment of another sort. When my grandmother—from a New England background—was confronted with an unsavory topic, she would change the subject and gaze out the window. And that is my own inclination: Keep your mouth shut, mind your own business.

But I'll take the plunge, because your business is no longer merely your business. To paraphrase Marley's Ghost, who figured it out too late, mankind is your business. And vice versa: When the Jolly Green Giant goes on the rampage, many lesser plants and animals get trampled underfoot. As for us, you're our biggest trading partner: We know perfectly well that if you go down the plug-hole, we're going with you. We have every reason to wish you well.

I won't go into the reasons why I think your recent Iraqi adventures have been—taking the long view—an ill-advised tactical error. By the time you read this, Baghdad may or may not be a pancake, and many more sheep entrails will have been examined. Let's talk, then, not about what you're doing to other people but about what you're doing to yourselves.

You're gutting the Constitution. Already your home can be entered without your knowledge or permission, you can be snatched away and incarcerated without cause, your mail can be spied on, your private records searched. Why isn't this a recipe for widespread business theft, political intimidation and fraud? I know you've been told that all this is for your own safety and protection, but think about it for a minute. Anyway, when did you get so scared? You didn't used to be easily frightened.

You're running up a record level of debt. Keep spending at this rate and pretty soon you won't be able to afford any big military adventures. Either that or you'll go the way of the USSR: lots of tanks, but no air conditioning. That will make folks very cross. They'll be even crosser when they can't take a shower because your shortsighted bulldozing of environmental protections has dirtied most of the water and dried up the rest. Then things will get hot and dirty indeed.

You're torching the American economy. How soon before the answer to that will be not to produce anything yourselves but to grab stuff other people produce, at gunboat-diplomacy prices? Is the world going to consist of a few mega-rich King Midases, with the rest being serfs, both inside and outside your country? Will the biggest business sector in the United States be the prison system? Let's hope not.

If you proceed much further down the slippery slope, people around the world will stop admiring the good things about you. They'll decide that your city upon the hill is a slum and your democracy is a sham, and therefore you have no business trying to impose your sullied vision on them. They'll think you've abandoned the rule of law. They'll think you've fouled your own nest.

The British used to have a myth about King Arthur. He wasn't dead, but sleeping in a cave, it was said; and in the country's hour of greatest peril, he would return. You too have great spirits of the past you may call upon: men and women of courage, of conscience, of prescience. Summon them now, to stand with you, to inspire you, to defend the best in you. You need them. ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

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repeat it. During the nineteenth century, the penitentiary system was based on the premise that prisoners should remain in solitary confinement and not say anything in order that they repent their crimes. As a result, a lot of prisoners developed severe mental problems, as is the case in Tamms.

It is a sad fact nowadays that the criminal justice system is pervaded by a self-righteous attitude that considers anything less than the harshest treatment "soft," as is evident from the Supreme Court's recent decision to let stand a fifty-year-to-life prison term for a petty thief under California's "three strikes" law.

THOMAS A. OLAFSON

DELECTABLE COMESTIBLES

Austin, Tex.

■ Don't you just love Freedom Fries? Especially with... But did you know that hamburgers are named for a city in another country that refuses to get in line and do as it's told? So let's call them Patriot Patties. Now that I think about it, we sometimes call hot dogs "frankfurters," and that's another city in that country. How about Stars and Stripes Sausages? Can't have a good Fourth of July picnic without Patriot Patties, Stars and Stripes Sausages and Freedom Fries.

Oh, and Russian dressing. We'll have to change that to Democracy Dressing. And then there's the distressing problem of Chinese food, an entire cuisine named after a country that doesn't do as it's told. We could call it Homeland Security Food. (Dang! I'm running out of alliterations!)

We have avoided one close call, however. We almost had to rename turkey. I don't think Thanksgiving would be the same with Yankee Doodle Tom, although "Yankee Doodle Drumstick" does have a certain *je ne sais quoi*... Whoops! I don't know what got into me. Just a small *faux pas*. Whoops again!

While we're renaming things, how about that statue in New York harbor? You know, the woman with the torch. I suggest "the Statue of Empire." Hey, *c'est la guerre*, y'all.

BOB BLAU

CONUNDRUM

Gainesville, Fla.

■ Re "'The Hammer' Strikes" ["In Fact...," March 24]: Is there a reluctance even on the part of *The Nation* to note the most obvious and frightening contradiction in the Bush Administration's cries of "appeasement"? In the 1930s, the League of Nations failed to stand up to the world's mightiest military power, which was threatening and invading smaller nations in an unhindered process of violating national sovereignties and which culminated in World War II. Today, in an effort to avoid war and achieve a lasting peace, many of the nations that suffered most from World War II are, through the United Nations, resisting a proposed aggression by the world's mightiest military power. Are not today's "appeasers" those who are not, rather than those who are, resisting that aggression? It is also interesting that three of the Administration's four firmest supporters at this time, Bulgaria, Spain and Turkey, cannot be considered to have been foes of Hitler.

OTTO H. OLSEN

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COMMENT

(Continued From Page 8)

trained a camera on him and kept it on the screen, presumably in the hopes that the jacket he was using to hide his face might fall away for a second. And if you don't think embedding is working just the way Team Bush hoped, consider that Brown asked reporter Jason Bellini to "describe the day *your* Marines went through." (Emphasis mine.) One had to go elsewhere to get detailed coverage of Iraqi casualties—a rather central aspect of the war. Apparently following the Team Bush line that showing footage of US POWs constitutes a "war crime," CNN censored itself longer than other news outlets and refused to air the now infamous Al-Jazeera footage that millions around the world had already seen.

There was a reason thousands demonstrated against CNN. For them, this war is not a trade show for new communications technology or a ball game between the Oakland Raiders and some Peewee football team. It is a deadly event with enormous consequences for us all, and, naïvely or not, they want coverage in service of the people, not only in the service of power. CNN has, sadly, descended to new lows, and it will take some real work to make many of us not think of the word "lackey" whenever we see or hear those initials. SUSAN J. DOUGLAS

Susan J. Douglas is a professor of communications studies at the University of Michigan.

On White Preferences

The Supreme Court will hear oral arguments in the University of Michigan affirmative action cases on April 1. In these cases, the white complainants argue that it is fundamentally unfair that Michigan accepts black applicants with lower SAT scores (or LSAT scores at the law school) than some whites who are rejected. But a new analysis of the SAT that I conducted reveals something startling: Every single question carefully preselected to appear on the test favors whites over blacks. These data have the potential to reframe the affirmative-action debate, especially if they spark advocates to ask the iconoclastic question, What's wrong with admitting some black students with lower SAT scores, when every question favors whites?

On the October 1998 SAT, for example, every single one of the 138 questions (sixty math and seventy-eight verbal) favored whites over blacks. By favoring whites, I mean that a higher percentage of white than black students answered correctly every question prescreened and chosen to appear on that SAT. I call these "white preference questions." This is not a quirk of one particular SAT form. SAT forms are designed to very strongly correlate with one another. And the pattern I've identified is a predictable result of the way the tests are constructed. Latino test-takers are similarly affected, faring only a bit better than blacks.

I don't believe that ETS—the Educational Testing Service, the developer of the SAT and the source of this October 1998 test data—intended for the SAT to be a white preference test. However, the "scientific" test construction methods the company uses inexorably lead to this result. Each individual SAT question ETS chooses is required to parallel the outcomes of the test overall. So, if high-scoring test-takers—who are more likely to be white—tend to answer the question correctly in pretesting, it's a worthy SAT question; if not, it's thrown out. Race and ethnicity are not considered explicitly, but racially disparate scores drive question selection, which in turn reproduces racially disparate test results in an internally reinforcing cycle.

Here's a verbal question that illustrates the SAT's skewed test construction process:

The actor's bearing on stage seemed _____; her movements were natural and her technique _____ .

(A) unremitting ... blasé
(B) fluid ... tentative
(C) unstudied ... uncontrived (*correct answer*)
(D) eclectic ... uniform
(E) grandiose ... controlled

This looks like a typical SAT verbal question. Yet this question differs from others in one important respect: according to ETS, "8 percent more African-Americans than whites answered this question correctly." I call this a "black preference question." I don't know why blacks did better here, but nearly all SAT questions capture something about race that can't be determined until pretesting. Because it favored blacks, who score lower on the test overall, this "actor's bearing" question, which was pretested by ETS in 1998, did not favor high scorers and therefore was rejected for use on the SAT. I have identified several other examples, including a black preference SAT math question, that were rejected.

My considered hypothesis is that every question chosen to appear on every SAT in the past ten years has favored whites over blacks. The same pattern holds true on the LSAT and the other popular admissions tests, since they are developed similarly. The SAT question selection process has never, to my knowledge, been examined from this perspective. And the deeper one looks, the worse things get. For example, while all the questions on the October 1998 SAT favored whites over blacks, approximately one-fifth showed huge, 20 percent gaps favoring whites. Skewed question selection certainly contributes to the large test score disparities between blacks and whites.

Supporters of affirmative action can take solace in the broad cross-section of higher education, labor and business institutions that filed amicus briefs favoring the University of Michigan in the Supreme Court cases. But defenders of affirmative action in university admissions have shied away from confronting the term "preferences" and from vigorously attacking the assumption of test neutrality. It is essential that we document the plethora of powerful white preferences throughout the admissions process, ranging from disparities in family wealth and income to unequal K–12 education—and, we now know, biases in SAT question selection. Affirmative action, at the very back end of this entire process, serves as only a partial corrective to the considerable white preferences preceding it. JAY ROSNER

(For more on the Michigan cases, see www.thenation.com.)

Jay Rosner, executive director of The Princeton Review Foundation, is writing a book on this subject and co-wrote a related article for the December 2002 Santa Clara Law Review. *He testified as an expert witness in favor of affirmative action in the Michigan Law School case.*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Tragedy of William O. Douglas

DAVID J. GARROW

WILD BILL: The Legend and Life of William O. Douglas.
By Bruce Allen Murphy.
Random House. 716 pp. $35.

William O. Douglas was a judicial record-setter. He sat on the US Supreme Court for more than thirty-five years (1939–75), longer than any other Justice, and during those years he wrote some thirty books in addition to his legal opinions. Present-day commentators may frown at Justice Clarence Thomas penning an autobiography for which HarperCollins is paying him a $1.5 million advance, and at how Chief Justice William Rehnquist and Justice Sandra Day O'Connor likewise have sufficient spare time to keep publishing popular histories and memoirs, but Douglas's record for sidebar productivity is unlikely ever to be topped. Ditto for another, less commendable Douglas achievement: four marriages and three divorces, spanning the thirteen years from 1953 through 1966.

Unfortunately for Douglas, however, most legal historians now see his judicial track record as having been no better than his domestic one: a huge disappointment. Only 40 years old when President Franklin Roosevelt named him to the Supreme Court in March 1939, Douglas could very well have revolutionized constitutional protection for individual rights and liberties in a permanently expansive manner. A crusading liberal as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission from 1937 to 1939, and before that "the most outstanding law professor in the nation," according to University of Chicago president Robert Maynard Hutchins, Douglas demonstrated that he had both the ability and the energy to become the dominant intellect on the Supreme Court.

But it was not to be. Leadership on the Court throughout the 1940s and '50s instead devolved into an unproductive tussle between the conservative Felix Frankfurter and the simple-minded Hugo Black [see Garrow, "Doing Justice," February 27, 1995], with Douglas often following in Black's footsteps. During the 1950s, the appointments of Chief Justice Earl Warren (1953) and Justice William J. Brennan Jr. (1956) added new leadership to the Court, but only in 1962, when Arthur Goldberg succeeded the retiring Frankfurter, did a solidly liberal majority finally take shape. The following six years marked the real heyday of the Warren Court, yet it was the Chief Justice and Brennan who led the progressive charge, not Douglas or Black. Brennan remained the liberal helmsman even after Nixon nominee Warren Burger replaced Warren as Chief Justice in 1969, but Douglas, unlike the increasingly conservative Black, remained a consistently liberal vote until a disabling stroke forced his retirement in 1975.

Douglas's intense 'fear of government, with its ability to oppress individuals in body and spirit, was genuine and unmatched.'

So why did Douglas not become the Court's progressive pacesetter? How he voted as a Justice wasn't the problem. As one of his former law clerks, Lucas 'Scot' Powe, correctly observes, Douglas "stood for the individual as no other justice ever has." Indeed, "the intensity of his fear of government, with its ability to oppress individuals in body and spirit, was genuine and unmatched," Powe adds. Yet the written opinions Douglas filed in support of his usually commendable votes were so hastily written that "they are easy to ignore," Powe admits. "For those of us who think Douglas was correct in his results and instincts, this is too bad."

Most of Douglas's other clerks concur

David J. Garrow, the author of Liberty and Sexuality: The Right to Privacy and the Making of Roe v. Wade *(California), won a 1987 Pulitzer Prize for his biography of Martin Luther King Jr.,* Bearing the Cross *(Morrow).*

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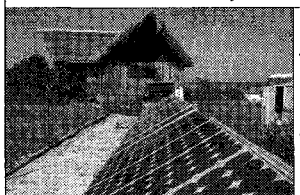

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with Powe. Steven Duke, like Powe now a prominent law professor, allows that Douglas's "published opinions often read like rough drafts," which is not surprising since "many were drafted in twenty minutes" and sent to the printer without meaningful revision. The conclusion that Douglas's all-important opinions were often "superficial or just plain sloppy" was likewise articulated in the first comprehensive biography of him, James Simon's impressive *Independent Journey*, published in 1980. Written before the opening of the huge collection of Douglas's private papers and Court files at the Library of Congress, Simon's volume nonetheless won widespread praise. Douglas's longtime literary assistant, Dagmar Hamilton, said *Independent Journey* was "by far the best single book yet written about the Justice" and "probably will remain so for a long time."

Sympathetic but far from uncritical, Simon described Douglas as a "shy" and "intensely private man" whose accounts of his own life were thoroughly undependable. As one colleague subsequently related, even Justice John Marshall Harlan, the Warren Court's gentlemanly conservative, once teased Douglas by asserting that "You've told that story so often, you're beginning to believe it." Simon buttressed his portrait with some very frank interviews: Douglas's son, Bill Jr., described his father's behavior toward him and his sister Millie as so cold and hostile that at times "Dad was scary." Mercedes Douglas Eicholz, Douglas's second wife, characterized her ex-husband as "totally insecure."

But was Douglas's disappointingly deficient judicial performance the result of his personal shortcomings? The noted legal theorist Ronald Dworkin addressed that question in 1981—"How could he have been so unlikable a man? Why did he make so little impact on constitutional law?"—and answered "no." True, Douglas's opinions offer very little in the way of "a developed and general constitutional philosophy," Dworkin noted, but many of Douglas's most substantively important decisions, ranging from *Skinner v. Oklahoma* (1942), voiding punitive sterilization, to the famous *Griswold v. Connecticut* (1965), which decriminalized the use of contraceptives, were grounded in the "idea that individuals have certain moral rights against their government that are prior to all law including the Constitution." Yet Douglas "only mentioned, and never elaborated or defended, this theory of individual pre-legal rights," or what is often loosely called "natural law," Dworkin observed. Douglas's failing, Dworkin concluded, was that while he indeed believed deeply in these fundamental individual rights, he also believed that this was simply "a matter of his own emotional biases" rather than a universal truth of which he should do his utmost to convince others. Unlike both Frankfurter and Black, who proselytized their decidedly imperfect constitutional visions most energetically, Douglas felt no commitment whatsoever to advance, rather than simply live out, his own far more progressive vision. If Douglas had been willing to meet the "minimal intellectual responsibilities" of a Justice who believed in fundamental individual rights, Dworkin concluded, "he would have achieved a great deal more of lasting importance than he did."

Against this background of commentary and interpretation comes Bruce Allen Murphy's long-awaited life of Douglas, *Wild Bill*, a book that Murphy has worked on for almost fifteen years and that at one point in typescript, he tells his readers, reached a length of 2,700 pages. Two decades ago Murphy made his name with *The Brandeis/Frankfurter Connection* (1982), an account of those two Justices' off-the-bench political activities that drew wide attention, and some criticism, from their admirers. In 1988 Murphy published *Fortas: The Rise and Ruin of a Supreme Court Justice*, a superbly impressive study of how Justice Abe Fortas's intimate political relationship with President Lyndon Johnson, plus some amazingly unwise financial entanglements, led to his forced resignation from the Court in 1969.

Dagmar Hamilton noted in a 1990 review that Murphy's *Fortas* was "much more political than judicial" in its focus, with "a great deal more on his extra-judicial activities" than on Fortas's Court work as a Justice. *Wild Bill* merits a similar characterization. Murphy offers a comprehensive account of Douglas's early life, a highly detailed description of his incessant careerism as a young law professor and four full chapters on Douglas's work at the SEC. Even after Douglas ascends to the High Court, Murphy's most extensive treatments concern Douglas's unsuccessful effort to become FDR's 1944 vice-presidential running mate and Douglas's 1948 rejection of the vice-presidential nomination from the man who had joined Roosevelt's 1944 ticket, President Harry Truman.

To anyone who refreshes an acquaintance with Simon's *Independent Journey*, there are fewer surprises in *Wild Bill* than Murphy's publicists would like to acknowledge. Murphy does add substantially to Simon's account of just how many out-and-out falsehoods mar Douglas's own accounts of his early life. (Douglas published one

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autobiography in 1950, and the first volume of a second one in 1974.) Douglas did not suffer from polio as a child, nor did he live in a tent while an undergraduate at Whitman College in Washington State. While *Wild Bill* contends that Douglas's ten weeks of service in the Students' Army Training Corps at Whitman in late 1918 did not actually make him a "Private, U.S. Army," as is recorded on his Arlington National Cemetery tombstone, the *Washington Post*, citing more extensive documentation than that used by Murphy, has recently (February 14) challenged Murphy's presentation.

Douglas graduated from Columbia Law School in 1925 and became a junior professor there two years later, after several unsuccessful attempts at practicing law. He moved to Yale Law School in 1928 and remained there until he joined the SEC in 1934. His selection by FDR as the successor to retiring Justice Louis Brandeis owed as much to Douglas's western roots as to his public visibility as SEC chairman, but Supreme Court nominations were decidedly simpler affairs in 1939 than they are today. The Senate Judiciary Committee's hearing on Douglas took place just four days after the President's announcement, and the session itself lasted a grand total of five minutes.

Murphy's view that Douglas from the very outset of his judicial service was less interested in the work of the Supreme Court than in his own future political prospects goes a long way toward explaining, and justifying, *Wild Bill*'s far more detailed treatment of Douglas's presidential and vice-presidential flirtations than of the Court's annual roster of important cases. To Murphy, Douglas's narrow failure to be named as Roosevelt's 1944 running mate was a defining experience and "helps to explain the rest of his life."

Roosevelt himself was exceptionally coy, even with his closest political advisers, as to precisely whom he preferred as a 1944 running mate to replace outgoing Vice President Henry Wallace. Yet shortly before the decisive Democratic National Convention FDR gave the party chairman, an avid booster of Senator Harry Truman, a handwritten letter saying he would welcome the selection of either Truman or Douglas. Much mystery surrounded Roosevelt's note, both at the time and for years thereafter, with some Douglas partisans suggesting that the letter had been doctored to show Roosevelt listing Truman first, rather than Douglas. Murphy concludes, after a painstaking examination, that no sleight of hand took place and that Roosevelt had indeed put Truman before Douglas; nonethe-

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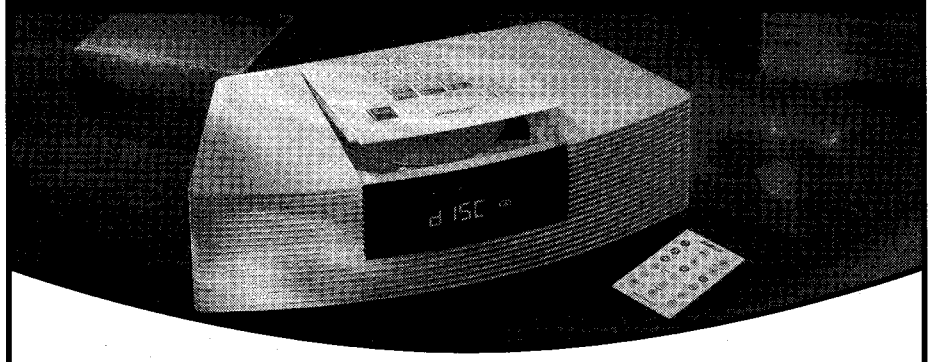

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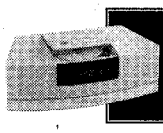

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less, "Douglas lived the rest of his life *believing* that the names on this letter had been switched." Douglas thus thought that not only had he, rather than Truman, been FDR's first choice but also that were it not for the convention chicanery, he would have become President of the United States upon Roosevelt's death in April 1945.

Murphy contends that Douglas "never got over" that 1944 experience, and that Douglas's frustrated presidential ambitions contributed mightily to his less than half-hearted job performance on the Supreme Court in the years thereafter. Douglas and Truman's mutual confidant, Washington lawyer Clark Clifford, endorsed Murphy's view, explaining that such a narrow miss at the presidency "sort of takes some of the shine, I think, off the rest of your life."

But Clifford also addressed the fundamental enigma of Douglas as well as anyone Murphy interviewed: "To me it seemed as if he was searching for something—something more—all of his life. But he never found it, and I never really knew what it was. I'm not sure even he knew what it was."

Murphy's own answer to that enigma is decisive: Once Douglas's dream of the presidency dissipated (after the indecisive Justice refused to give up the financial security of his Supreme Court seat to accept Truman's offer of the vice-presidential nomination in 1948), the pursuit of women younger and more attractive than his first wife, who was six years Douglas's senior, became the recurring focus of his life.

Murphy stresses that "Douglas had always treated his family badly," but that his behavior became progressively worse during the 1940s. His daughter, Millie, told Murphy that her father "never talked to us like [we were] people" and that "when he got angry at us, which was often over the slightest things, he would simply not speak to us for days on end." Millie also added that "I didn't like him very much because of the way he treated my mother," and by early 1951 Douglas was in serious and open pursuit of Mercedes Davidson, a social acquaintance whom he wed in 1954.

Wild Bill details how increasingly heavy drinking went hand-in-hand with Douglas's sour disposition and nonstop marital escapades. Murphy's constant theme is that Douglas "was just plain bored as a Justice," that he felt "trapped forever" on the Supreme Court rather than occupying the Oval Office where he "rightfully belonged." Yet *Wild Bill* also makes indisputably clear that Douglas year in and year out worked fearsome hours in his office, even if a good portion of his time was devoted to churning out off-the-bench books rather than thoughtfully polished judicial opinions. His law clerks, like his children, found him to be a cold and standoffish man, and his two secretaries struggled to keep up with Douglas's pace. "If you hadn't stopped working, you wouldn't be tired," he once told an exhausted Fay Aull. "Work is energizing."

But Murphy, just as in his Fortas book, devotes surprisingly little attention to the High Court's actual case decisions. *Brown v. Board of Education* (1954), in which Douglas wanted to void school segregation from the very start of the Court's extended, two-year consideration of the issue, passes almost unmentioned. Even when Murphy does offer extended quotations from those Douglas opinions that merit attention, the seriatim presentation is so short on context that many readers may find themselves skimming over them like block quotes in a textbook. Anyone hungry for a rich, thorough and thoughtful survey of the important rulings of those years should turn to Lucas Powe's *The Warren Court and American Politics* (2000), a superb and highly readable book.

Douglas's failure to be named FDR's 1944 running mate is cast as a defining experience that 'helps to explain the rest of his life.'

Douglas's behavior throughout the 1950s did not change in the 1960s, as reflected in Murphy's portrait. In 1961 Douglas began pursuing a young Allegheny College student, Joan Martin, who was writing her senior thesis on him, and once Martin moved to Washington the affair became public. "Other Justices at the time had mistresses," Douglas's utterly loyal Court messenger, Harry Datcher, told Murphy, "but they would employ them as secretaries or keep them away from the Court building. Douglas, though, did what he did in the open. He didn't give a damn what people thought of him."

A 1962–63 law clerk recalled Joan Martin once hiding in an office closet to avoid Mercedes, but the following summer the 64-year-old Douglas divorced Mercedes and married 23-year-old Joan. But Douglas's behavior toward women did not improve. One old Douglas friend remembered how Joan "just sat down and cried all night because he never paid any attention to her," and more than once Joan complained to a former Douglas clerk that "he beats me up all the time." Less than two years later Douglas dismissed Joan from his life, took up with an old Washington State girlfriend, Elena Leonardo, and then met a 22-year-old Oregon waitress, Cathleen Heffernan, who became his fourth wife in mid-1966.

Griswold v. Connecticut (1965), Douglas's "most famous opinion," with its oft-quoted paean to how marriage is "intimate to the degree of being sacred," was handed down just a few weeks before its author ditched young Joan. But *Griswold* reflected more than just personal dissonance, it also highlighted the imprecise and incomplete constitutional analysis that so many Douglas opinions featured. Douglas's result was inarguably correct; Hugo Black's contrary insistence that a state legislature could outlaw the use of all contraceptives if it so chose was just as foolishly contradictory of any constitutional guarantee of personal liberty in 1965 as it is today. But Douglas's assertion that "specific guarantees in the Bill of Rights have penumbras, formed by emanations from those guarantees that help give them life and substance," was less an articulation of a nontextual right to privacy, a word the Constitution fails to cite, than an invitation to scholarly complaint and derision. Press reports assert that a warning sign mocking Douglas's *Griswold* language—"Please don't emanate in the penumbras"—hangs today in the Supreme Court chambers of Justice Clarence Thomas.

Douglas's final ten years on the bench were true to form. Justice Brennan later complained about "the slovenliness" of Douglas's writing "and the mistakes that he constantly made." Thurgood Marshall, who joined the Court in 1967, called Douglas "about as independent a cuss as I knew," and a 1968–69 law clerk described his boss as "a very unhappy man," someone who "wanted to be something other than what he was." When Douglas's first wife died in 1969 after a long illness, some time went by before he was even informed. "Neither my brother nor I felt the slightest inclination to tell him that Mother had died," his daughter Millie told Murphy.

Reviewing *Wild Bill* in *The New Republic* a few weeks ago, Circuit Court Judge Richard Posner splenetically denounced Douglas as "one of the most unwholesome figures in modern American political history." Offended by Douglas's abuse of both alcohol and women, Posner reproached Murphy for excusing "Douglas's flaws of character" and for an "uncritical" treatment of his "slipshod and slapdash" judicial performance. Posing much the same question that Ronald Dworkin addressed two decades ago about whether Douglas's professional deficiency was indeed the product of

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his personal shortcomings, Posner, unlike Dworkin, answered "yes." Did Douglas's substantive views preclude him from being a dedicated constitutional crusader, as Dworkin suggested? No, said Posner, it was simply "for reasons of temperament" that Douglas "could not buckle down and commit himself wholeheartedly to the Court."

Put this way, Dworkin's analysis of Douglas's judicial failing transcends Posner's emphasis on Douglas's personal imperfections. One of Douglas's longtime champions, former Yale professor Charles Reich, once conceded that his hero "had egregious personal flaws, but so what—he was a great man." But no, William O. Douglas was not a great man. He was a man of great ideals, but his career on the Supreme Court unfortunately represented only a witness to those ideals, rather than their actual attainment or realization. As Lucas Powe stated in 1990, Douglas, as "a man of action, not reflection," was "miscast in the judiciary." Yet notwithstanding the disappointing caliber of Douglas's Supreme Court career, he nonetheless remains a poignant archetype of how "even in the worst of times judges can actually stand up and demand we adhere to our ideals." If more present-day Justices and judges embraced William O. Douglas's ideals, constitutional liberties would be far safer than they are. ■

A Stone Unturned

PATRICK SMITH

Someone once described Graham Greene as the novelist of decolonizing Britain. England during and after the war and the imperial fall was his true subject, the uncut stone from which he chiseled his themes. Think of knob-kneed, lonely-hearted Wilson, the sunburned colonial officer in *The Heart of the Matter*, which many consider Greene's most achieved novel, and the notion seems a natural. But what about the whiskey priest in *The Power and the Glory*, the messy domestic duplicity of the narrator in *The End of the Affair*, or the dog-walking double agent of *The Human Factor*? These are among the ranking inhabitants of Greeneland, as we've come to think of the territory, but fitting them into the thesis makes it seem reductive.

Is it, finally? Range through Greene's work and you begin to see the argument's validity. Greene's writing is all tied together by a running concern for a certain England at a certain time. His novels are maps for a journey through the moral, emotional and psychological terrain of a nation in triumph and decline at once—and then a nation re-encountering a world it so recently thought it had mastered. Between all the lines of all the histories to come, Greene may as well have advised us, this is the good and bad of who we were, this is how it looked from where we sat.

Some novelists lend themselves to this kind of reflection because their work is theme and variation from start to finish, as Milan Kundera once put it—and because their books are cast against the velvet curtain of public events: against history. Lawrence had his post-Victorian, postwar industrial England, injured and ugly; for Vidal the thread is spun of his preoccupation with us—we peculiar Americans and how we got this way, and the things our peculiarities lead us to do. To a long and disparate list let us add another name: In a writing life that now spans almost four decades, it is hard to think of an American writer who has made the deep dive into his time and place as effectively as Robert Stone.

This may as well get said straightaway: Nobody of Stone's generation comes near him—not in the elegant clarity of his sentences and not in terms of the thematic whale he has pursued from one book to another. Stone has a new novel out, and this may as well be noted in the front, too: *Bay of Souls* does not rank among his best work—certainly not his biggest. There are flaws that beg repair. It lacks the ambition and magnitude of *Damascus Gate*, his prophetic book (sorry—couldn't resist) on the Middle East. And it has nowhere near the cleanliness, power and singularity of purpose Stone achieved in *A Flag for Sunrise*, his Central America novel. *Flag* is now twenty-two years old, but I agree with Reynolds Price about it: It's the best book Stone has ever produced.

Bay of Souls seems small by comparison. Stone takes us traveling once again, but the book unrolls primarily in a university-town household and the psyche of its male inhabitant. It seems closer in its aspirations, and in its mostly domestic setting as well, to some of the stories collected six years ago in *Bear and His Daughter.* To this we must quickly add that Stone attempts some important new turns in his latest book. No one who follows him and wants to know where he is going can consider *Bay of Souls* dispensable: It's "must" reading in the way everything Stone writes is. So we can quip once again and call this novel a Stone of modest size, while recognizing that without it the edifice would not be complete.

If Stone has his great subject, as Greene had his, how shall we describe it? Much of Stone's work is strangely similar to much of Greene's in a co-relative sort of way. They both are given to wretched, peripheral locales to reflect upon the metropole—the force and connivance elsewhere that produced the wretchedness in remote places. Spooks, opportunists, the morally shredded, the morally bankrupt—Greene and Stone often seem to draw from the same population pool, though the sociology is never the same. None of this should surprise: Their differences may finally outweigh their similarities, but as Greene did falling and fallen England, Stone's piece of marble is America as it enters and learns to live uneasily within its late-imperial phase, as it begins to suspect itself—as it weaves "the fabric of predatory power," as Stone put it in *A Hall of Mirrors*, the book that

IN THIS ESSAY

BAY OF SOULS.
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BEAR AND HIS DAUGHTER: Stories.
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Houghton Mifflin. 222 pp. Paper $12.

DAMASCUS GATE.
By Robert Stone.
Scribner. 500 pp. Paper $15.

Patrick Smith is a writer and former correspondent abroad, primarily for the International Herald Tribune *and* The New Yorker.

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launched him in the mid-1960s.

All sorts of themes are hacked out of this rock. Religion and the place of belief are taken up somewhere or other in every book. So are social commitment and its opposite. Stone decided from the beginning that he was not an *engagé* novelist, and praise be to him for this: It would have ruined his career had he misplaced his commitment to the art. But there is politics in all of his novels, just as there's history; specifically, no reader can miss the postwar progress (if that is the word) of the American left as a kind of implicit backdrop—an aspect of the Stone milieu. Dope, alternative culture from the Beats onward, and more recently the intellectual remnants and survivors of the 1960s and '70s—again, always there someplace. And it is interesting to see how each of these themes grows larger or smaller from book to book. The nature of belief is writ large in *Damascus Gate*, but it is hard to miss it in the earlier work: The scars of Stone's Catholic upbringing are everywhere. Or a thumbnail example, one of many: *A Hall of Mirrors* contains the best renderings of cannabis-powered conversation I've ever read; they're extended set pieces, hilarious and sad all at once. In *Dog Soldiers*, Stone's Vietnam novel, drugs take a central place in the plot. Now, in *Bay of Souls*, this element shrinks down to a few lines of cocaine and a couple of joints skittishly consumed.

All this being noted, there is one theme in Stone's work that must be singled out as his most prominent. As soon as we glimpse the first character Stone ever launched across a page—an outsider named Rheinhardt, the protagonist of *A Hall of Mirrors*, set in New Orleans—we know we're concerned with the difficulty of becoming that most exalted of beings in postwar, cold war America: an individual. This, finally, is the irreducible constant in Stone's novels and stories: the fight to realize oneself amid an unnamable accumulation of invisible, remote power—"the dreadful procession of things as they are," as one character in *Hall* considers it.

Rheinhardt has many relatives by now—siblings in some cases, one could argue. It's not difficult to imagine John Converse or Chris Lucas smoking a bit of gage with him—two journalists and the protagonists, respectively, of *Dog Soldiers* (Stone's second novel) and *Damascus Gate* (his sixth, published twenty-four years later). Or, for that matter, Gordon Walker, the somewhat wasted screenwriter at the center of *Children of Light*. In between and after come the cousins. In Frank Holliwell, *Flag* gives us a serious-minded scholar, and by *Outerbridge Reach* we've made it along with

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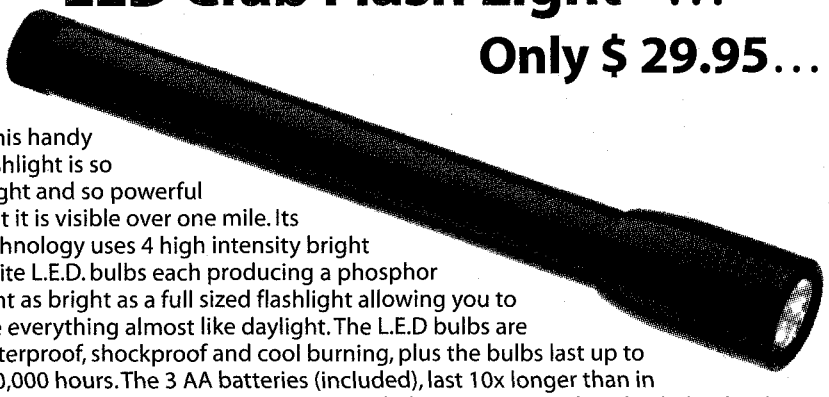

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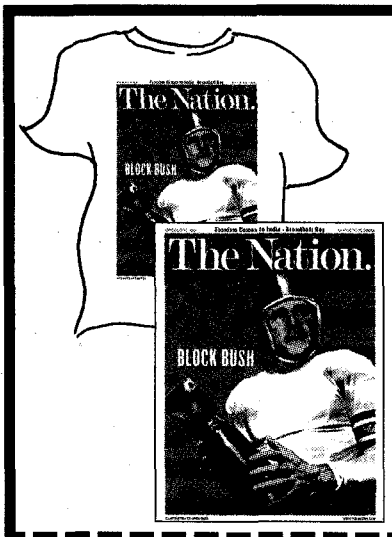

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Owen Browne onto the uncertain fringes of the American middle class. In *Bay of Souls*, Michael Ahearn is about as settled as protagonists ever get in Stone's books: professor at a second-tier university on the Northern Plains, married, with a child, a teaching assistant and a routine. But they are all outsiders. They are all on the journey Rheinhardt began in New Orleans—the city of the excluded at least since the days of Lafcadio Hearn.

So does Stone unfold his story as if his books were successive chapters in it. But his progress can hardly be measured by way of his characters' taste for drugs or their gross adjusted incomes. Nor can we set the books out in chronological order and say each was better than the last. *Children of Light*, which followed *Flag*, is generally considered Stone's worst work, though it is better to say it is a weak card in a strong hand. The novel is set in Hollywood, a locale and a theme that has proven difficult for every writer who has attempted it, from Fitzgerald and Nathanael West onward. *Bay of Souls* comes after *Damascus Gate* in the same way: a lesser work following a large one.

So what? Stone has refined his style to the point where his paragraphs—which are his basic unit of expression, as opposed to his sentences—flow like water over the round rocks of a brook bed. He has made subtraction the trajectory of his career: Less is more—one of the best lessons any writer can ever learn. The same point can be made about the struggle he has waged to get beyond the mid-century brand of American realism that marked so many of the novels Stone must have grown up on and learned from. Think of *The Naked and the Dead*: That kind of mimetic, get-it-all-down replication of reality, so evident in *A Hall of Mirrors*, is completely gone now. Nothing is wasted; nothing is there just because he saw it and put it, reporter-like, in a notebook. Stone has always kept himself out of his novels—or at least invisible in them. There is more of Stone in his later work—up to and including *Bay of Souls*—but it is there implicitly, hidden in a style that depends on a certain immaculately chosen vocabulary, a taut detachment in the way he describes and a kind of implied irony that is all his own. Open *Damascus Gate* and put your finger on a page at random: You're bound to find these qualities in any narrative paragraph. Stone is present, but as an intelligence.

Among the things to which Stone has always applied his intelligence is the place history and events should take in a novel. They are essential in his practice of the art. And to construct a relationship between fictional characters and the real time of their time, so to speak, does not mean merely to supply a context: It means writing from within an understanding of where we are in a historic process. There's not a thing Stone has written in which the moral self is not depicted in the trap we have made of the world. He relies upon our common references, even if they are unspoken ones. This is why, in my opinion, he has always been respectfully but superficially reviewed: We're too allergic to a clear vision of things to talk about some of the themes he sounds. So we gloss—and admire safely.

A constant in Stone is the fight to realize oneself amid an accumulation of remote power—'the dreadful procession of things as they are.'

The stance toward history goes some way to explaining why Stone's strongest books tend to be those set at least partly elsewhere: *Dog Soldiers* in Vietnam, *A Flag for Sunrise* in a fictional banana republic called Tecan, *Damascus Gate* in Jerusalem and its environs. The grand international context makes the plot—and Stone has always been plot-heavy—an easier vessel to fill. One might argue that Stone has trouble when he stays home, as in *Children of Light*, which shrinks the foreign locale to Gordon Walker's surreal cavort in Mexico at the end. Certainly there is a tension in Stone's work between the books that place historic time in the front and those in which it is implicit.

Stone saves his work from a fatal error by making history the site of his writing but never its subject. The same point is even more usefully applied to politics in Stone's fiction. It would be easy to imagine from the early books that Stone fancied himself a political novelist who merely kept his politics in the closet as a sort of strategic decision. I don't think this was ever true. Not quite fifty years ago, Irving Howe published a study of "the political novel" in which he began by declining the very nomenclature. "I am concerned with perspectives of observation, not categories of classification," Howe wrote. "Perhaps it would be more useful to say that my subject is the relation between politics and literature, and that the term 'political novel' is used here as a convenient shorthand to suggest the kind of novel in which this relation is interesting enough to warrant investigation." This is as far as anyone could ever go in terming Stone a political novelist, and the argument could be made that in his later work it is too far.

Stone's political roots are evident enough, and they sink deeper than the 1960s, which are often assumed to be his starting point: If you read *A Hall of Mirrors* carefully enough, you detect that Stone's consciousness was formed in that twilight era between the Old Left and the New. But there is a huge difference between a novelist equipped with political awareness and a producer of "political novels," whatever the term may mean. This can hardly be overstated. Stone has understood from the first that, however grim his time and whatever his sympathies, he would preserve the ambiguity that everyone from Lawrence ("no didactive absolute") to Kundera ("the wisdom of uncertainty") recognizes as the novel's unique strength and value. Political engagement is a theme in Stone's work, not a position, and however often he seems to dismiss it, he has found it worth engaging—and so makes the question "interesting enough to warrant investigation."

There is a general line from simplicity to complexity in Stone's treatment of the political question as his characters carry it for him. As the novels go on, they progress from politics as an inadequate option to politics as an exhausted option. And by the middle books, the subject clarifies: The tension between political engagement and individual vision that powered *A Hall of Mirrors* is gone. Ron Strickland, the filmmaker in *Outerbridge Reach* and the protagonist's foil, does documentary work that is loaded with political import, but he does it with clinical detachment—he may as well wear latex gloves. Nuala Rice in *Damascus Gate* is a full-bore *engageé*, but she is inaccessible—lost in another, black-and-white world from the one Chris Lucas moves in. Now we come to *Bay of Souls*, and we find that politics is a faint, quaint memory, barely implied in Michael Ahearn's ruminations. For good measure Stone gives Lara Purcell, Ahearn's lover and guide on the path to deliverance, a political career on the dark side that a 1930s Cambridge graduate would envy: She has worked for the Soviets, then the French, then the Americans, and seems at the time of our story to be uncomfortably engaged by some dope-running Latin dictators and their string-pullers on Capitol Hill's far-right flank. Engagement as the opening to a labyrinth.

"Not a soul," Rheinhardt says of himself in *A Hall of Mirrors*—meaning he has lost himself in the American labyrinth and cannot reconnect. Michael Ahearn in *Bay of Souls* suffers the same malady. When we meet him he is a wanderer without the courage to wander—a faker trying to survive on the inside. The raw, McCarthyi-

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America of *Hall* is replaced by the cotton-wool calm of our moment—the time of Stone's new novel is pretty much right now. Ahearn is tethered within it well enough to be only dimly conscious of his plight—but not quite well enough to miss the gradual collapse of the easy, insulating verities:

> In the darkness before his son's room he felt the vertigo of the shifting world. Stop, he thought. Go back. To the sweet order that had prevailed when life was innocent and carefree. Standing there, he could almost believe things had been that way. Of course there was still time.

Time, that is, for a little more evasion—to flinch from the journey into authentic personhood to which Lara Purcell, an exotic in Ahearn's world of prairies and corned students, has opened the door. Purcell is a visiting professor from a dot-on-the-map Caribbean nation called St. Trinity. She, too, has lost her soul—and knows it. As the novel unfolds, Ahearn is gradually exposed to and then drawn into her plan to return home to reclaim herself by way of a rum-soaked ritual involving ecstatic dancing and folk wisdom through which she is to penetrate *les mystères*.

Every Stone novel has a cataclysmic passage in store for its protagonist—a riot in *A Hall of Mirrors*, an attempt to demolish the Temple Mount in *Damascus Gate*. They are more or less mandatory parts of his working structure. Stone sometimes introduces devices not applied elsewhere in the book—stream of consciousness, touches of Surrealism—and these tend further to demarcate the passages. They are unmistakably hard to write, and they work more or less well from book to book. Ahearn's voyage into the warmer climes resembles Holliwell's in *A Flag for Sunrise*. But in *Bay of Souls*, Ahearn cuts and runs at the critical moment, as Holliwell did not. Lara has offered him a chance to discover a new way to live—a life free of all symbolic gesture—and Ahearn cannot make it. "If you had been less afraid," Lara tells him in an apparition at the end of the book, "I might have delivered you."

Stone is after some vital themes in this book: bravery and weakness in the face of personal transformation, the price paid for success in such an endeavor—and the price of backing down when we are given the opportunity to grasp what we say we've always wanted in our lives and escape what we've always claimed to be our prisons. It is hard to get at this, and *Bay of Souls* is to be valued for the courage one displays in attempting to do so.

But it is a taxing book, in the end. In moving the story from the Midwestern plains to the Caribbean and back again, Stone has sacrificed too much in the way of unity and compression. The scenes describing Lara's ritual passage and all the explanation of *les mystères* that is required to get us there give a blurred effect. And the political element—St. Trinity is amid a US-backed coup of some sort when Ahearn and Lara arrive—is simply unnecessary, an add-on that adds nothing. There are passages in which dark island customs and dark island politics collide in almost hopeless confusion. I closed *Bay of Souls* admiring it greatly for what it has to say but wondering whether Stone may have found the limits of his method and milieu. Not every novelist's approach to the art can be expected to do all things.

Bay of Souls leaves unanswered two questions that stretch like long cirrus clouds over Stone's work. They are a little awkward to pose, but here they are. Why don't women read Robert Stone to the extent men do? And why doesn't Stone play overseas as well as he does at home? I have no demographic studies to support the legitimacy of either inquiry, but one can gather enough anecdotal evidence to suggest that there is something in both that begs explanation.

It seems to come down to Stone's essential theme. Here we have to focus the lens sharply, and the resulting paradox is apparent, not real: Stone is not concerned with Americans so much as American men; he is not concerned with men so much as Americans. We can't reduce the question of women—in the books and among Stone's readers—to some simplistic notion that Stone is in the line of Hemingway-esque inheritors. There are complex, sympathetic, well-drawn women in a number of Stone's novels: Sonia Barnes in *Damascus Gate*, Sister Justin Feeney in *Flag*. But Stone's women are never quite the subject; they never quite embody what is at issue. It is not Lara Purcell's successful passage in *Bay of Souls* that Stone wants to explore so much as Michael Ahearn's failure to complete it.

The question Stone implicitly poses is legitimate, not exclusionary: What is the role of the man in contemporary American society? What's the ideal? Investment banker? Dot-com millionaire? The absence of an answer that moves us is precisely what justifies Stone's choice of it as a subject. You have to tip your cap to him for identifying it as early as he did, which is at the very beginning. Masculinity is a peculiarly American problem in our time, enough so to make Stone a peculiarly American writer.

In *A Hall of Mirrors*, Rheinhardt's girl-

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friend considers his crowd of misfits briefly and remarks to herself, "There was some plague on things. These were not men, these men; they were broken, they were dying." That goes straight to Stone's theme as it's played out all the way to Michael Ahearn. And we should note a couple of things about it. First, the experience Stone has sought to describe is almost enough to inspire that awful idea, American exceptionalism; it is hardly a wonder that, say, a British reader of either sex would have trouble entering fully into it. Second, the above-quoted thought is articulated by a marginalized woman—a drifting West Virginian whose boyfriend previous to Rheinhardt slashed her face—and we may wish to let this suggest (whether Stone intended us to or not) the extent to which the America Stone portrays is an experience that still does not fully incorporate women into it.

A novel is an expression of a certain community; this has been so from the novel's beginning until now. I owe this insight to a dear friend, a French scholar who is hardly dear in the severity of her literary judgments. An expression of a community and an assertion that it exists, I would say—and, not least, a form of address to it. It goes some way to explaining why the novel is now in a struggling phase, my friend elaborates. By what communities do we define ourselves today? We live in archipelagos.

It is a valid observation, not unrelated to our understanding of Robert Stone. Even he has acknowledged, in an essay in *The New York Review of Books* a couple of years back, that fiction in our noisy, oblivious world occupies nowhere near the place it once did. But we can turn this around, too. Stone occupies the place he does among American novelists precisely because he expresses a community that still survives—struggling, atomized, mostly invisible, but still with something to say to itself, still in need of address. ■

Respectfully Yours

LINDA GORDON

RESPECT IN A WORLD OF INEQUALITY. By Richard Sennett. Norton. 288 pp. $24.95.

Richard Sennett is best known in the United States for his 1972 book (written with Jonathan Cobb), *The Hidden Injuries of Class*. That study of white working-class men, how they understood their subordinate class status, how they "internalized" and compensated for their class position, was extremely influential. The prolific Sennett's newest book, *Respect*, follows directly in that line of inquiry, exploring a problem he sees as endemic in our society: the scarcity of respect for others. "Lack of respect, though less aggressive than an outright insult, can take an equally wounding form. No insult is offered another person, but...he or she is not seen—as a full human being whose presence matters." The solution? Sennett doesn't trade in pieties or simplistic thinking. His strength is precisely in exposing the contradictions, even dilemmas, involved in improving the human condition.

Sennett is one in a minority of humanistic sociologists in the United States—in fact, he has never conformed to any academic discipline (and I mean that as a compliment). *Respect* is unconventional in form as well as content. In it Sennett combines a bit of memoir with his meditation on society, with mixed success: Sometimes the two connect and sometimes they don't. He also combines some reflections on his experience as a musician—a cellist—also with mixed success, also because the music sometimes connects to the social theory and sometimes doesn't. But the musical analogies are always fascinating, and they illuminate as much about listening as about playing.

Linda Gordon is working on a biography of Dorothea Lange. Her most recent book is The Great Arizona Orphan Abduction *(Harvard).*

Respect as Performance

One might pick up this book expecting Sennett to see disrespect as another of the hidden injuries of class, or of other forms of inequality in power and privilege, but his argument is more interesting and quite counterintuitive to the left-of-center reader: that it might sometimes be easier to structure and practice respect across lines of inequality than among equals. Leftists, who are often radical egalitarians, have thought and hoped that interpersonal respect would flourish like a wildflower, naturally and spontaneously, from the ground of equality. But they are wrong, in several ways. First, respect is a practice that requires training, repetition, ever skill. Like the craft of interviewing, one must learn and perform it. To do interviewing well, Sennett explains, you can't be mechanical or rote, but you can't treat it as a conversation among friends either; it requires accepting the interviewee as a subject whose ideas and responses are of great interest even though one can never entirely comprehend them. When done well, respect often involves rituals and a certain formality, which might include everything from terms of address (and I do wish the telephone salespeople would call me Ms. Gordon instead of Linda) to syntax to listening. Yet it cannot be reduced to a set of rules because it must be responsive to context and the emotional content of interaction. Respect requires using one's own experience to understand others but without assuming that their reactions are the same as one's own. This sounds easy, but it is in fact extremely difficult. As Sennett astutely remarks, in "everyday life we are constantly confusing self and other.... It is by projection that we make a kind of elemental contact with others." Sennett's musical examples of respect work splendidly here, as he points out that ensembles and orchestras require not only intense listening to other players but also a constant give and take of volume, dynamics and tone that let all the instruments be heard in the proportions that provide the desired musical interpretation.

Respect Among Unequals

Sennett also argues that respect is often better expressed among unequals, and he turns to anthropology for supporting examples. In many simpler societies with high levels of social cohesion, exchange is never negotiated as an equal give and take. The Trobriand Islanders described by Bronislaw Malinowski gave and received gifts frequently, leaving the recipients indebted until there was an occasion for them to give, thereby requiring an ongoing relationship. An exchange of exact equivalents, the usual practice in a formal market, creates no relationship precisely because all parties are quits with each other. In premodern societies, exchanges between lord and peasant were often highly ritualized, the lord enacting gestures of respect even as he received tribute from his subjects.

This is not to say that Sennett is arguing for inequality. His is, however, a rather pessimistic take on how much equality can even be constructed. Having lived for some time as a child in the Cabrini-Green public housing project in Chicago, with his left social-worker single mother, he is acute

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ıware of the advantages that allowed him o escape. He is critical of meritocracy, of :qual-opportunity liberal ideals, because)f the unavoidably unequal distribution of alent. There may be innumerable forms)f talent and intelligence, but it is hard to magine a society in which some talents are ıot more valued than others. Sennett points)ut that the twentieth-century obsession vith testing "potential" or "intelligence" ıas been destructive, and that being told one s lacking in potential is worse than being abeled an "underachiever." Moreover, neritocracy threatens solidarity and can liscomfort winners, who want acceptance, s well as losers. Variation in beauty, personality, ambition and many intangibles nay always produce inequalities that are enacious if not inescapable, so it makes ense to follow Sennett in considering how espect can be practiced regardless of these nequalities.

Yet I wonder if respect and equality can e so detached as Sennett wants to argue, or f respect is even as important as equality. I ıink of the slogan of the Harvard clerical vorkers on strike a decade ago, "You can't at prestige." A hundred and fifty years ago rivileged women were treated with great espect—or at least everyone believed it to e respect—but many would have preferred) trade in that respect for some rights. In an ra when CEOs can earn a hundred times vhat their workers earn, where workers increasingly have no benefits or job security, mutual respect really possible?

Welfare

Sennett has thought deeply about the erosion of the dignity of labor. *Respect* was originally planned as a companion volume to his 1998 *The Corrosion of Character*, which examined the impact of the ew "casualization" of employment on ıaracter—loss of security, of an expectaon of progress in a career, of loyalty to firm or to co-workers. *Respect* was to about welfare, and in part it is. Sennett etches out a theory that, just as the new lexible" production processes have got rid traditional pyramidal bureaucratic structre, with layers of management getting ıaller as they get higher, and replaced it ith a "disk" structure, with top manageent having more direct supervisory access the mass of bottom-line workers, so welre administration has been transformed. ıe "disk" imagery comes from laser disc ayers where a single (managerial) beam n touch down directly and exactly at any int on the shop floor, so to speak. But the alysis and the metaphor both fail to deribe what's been happening with welfare.

I agree entirely that the recent successful conservative campaigns against welfare share roots with the transformation of production: globalization, the search for ever cheaper labor and the power of CEOs in running these huge corporate economies. The similar roots have not, however, produced the same restructuring patterns.

The crises of welfare states, most advanced in the United States, stem in large part from huge corporate tax cuts and a regressive revision of tax codes; from relentless pressure forcing women into the labor force, particularly nonelite women, who can get only the lowest-paying jobs; from the double day's work so many women do, which then jacks up resentment toward those on welfare who don't have to "work." (This definition of "work" as only that which earns wages is part of a disrespect for domestic labor, childrearing and the women who do it, as Sennett would absolutely agree. And besides, most welfare recipients do work for wages and always have, because no one can live on welfare stipends.) Many factors have contributed to the assault on welfare, but restructured terms of management and labor are not among them.

Yet the question of respect among those who receive welfare is fundamental. Sennett reminds us that, historically, some of those most committed to helping the poor, even some of the most generous, have given alms at the price of respect. He offers a provocative contrast between two Chicago promoters of welfare: Jane Addams, leftist social reformer, war resister and feminist, who tried to do community organizing through Hull House in Chicago, and Mother Cabrini, an Italian-American nun who, in ministering to the poor, offered God's love in return for submission. Once again Sennett explores the counterintuitive—the possibility that Cabrini more easily avoided condescension toward those she sought to help because "those who cooperated in the name of a shared religion had a resource to bridge this ambiguous divide between self and other: service to a higher power." And once again, I'm not sure that the historical evidence would support this claim.

Sennett is right that trying to help the less fortunate is hard to accomplish without disrespect, a problem of which Addams was acutely aware, if unable to surmount. One proposed solution to the problem underlay modern welfare states: People who need help should be able to get that help as a matter of right, without having to prostrate themselves, to prove their poverty, to meet external moral standards or to surrender their privacy. We do indeed have some welfare programs that are entitlements, like

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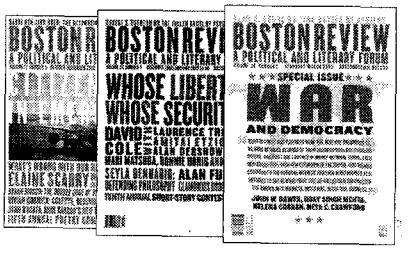

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Social Security old age insurance, but these are no longer called "welfare." That (now-pejorative) term is applied only to forms of aid that are the opposite of rights—aid offered to those who need to prove themselves "deserving" through morals tests as well as means tests. Such proponents of a guaranteed annual income program as European supporters of basic income grants would solve this problem by eliminating supervision and means testing entirely, as well as different programs of aid for different constituencies—the disabled, the elderly, children, etc.—instead providing a flat rate of support for everyone. The wealthier would have these grants taxed away from them.

But while such a program would be excellent for the vast majority, there are some for whom it would not be adequate, and the author of *The Hidden Injuries of Class* knows this well. Cash transfers will not solve the problems of runaway kids, the mentally ill, violent men, sexually abused children, battered women and alcoholics, not to mention the blind, the chronically ill, the paralyzed. Although a society of greater social justice might well diminish these problems, they are unlikely to disappear entirely. People need kinds of help that require connection with others. And some of this help cannot be provided by friends and relatives. It requires professionals. And these professionals must be able to practice respect, they must be trained and skilled in offering respect.

This is where Sennett stops. I wish he had continued, because social-work intellectuals have devoted considerable thought to the problem, and we can learn from them. This is what the theory and technique of casework at their best are about: integrating material support, professional guidance or therapy, and respect. Sennett aptly calls this a "democratic form of dependency." The project has mostly failed, and that fact has given social work a bad reputation among New Left intellectuals like Sennett, but to give up on i is a privilege of the less needy. I have contributed to the critique of social work myself, but I also resent the demonization o this profession that attracts only those foolish enough to want to help. (Do I need t remind readers of the working condition and wages of social work?)

Casework involves breaching the lin between the public and the private, an Sennett is right that this may be damagin to self-respect. But maintaining this lin is part of what makes children and wome vulnerable to abuse, what allows privat clubs to exclude blacks, etc. One attempt t sketch out a democratic social work cam from Charlotte Towle, an underrecognize social-work leader of the 1930s and '40s Trying to bring together psychiatric social work theory, New Deal welfare policy an the left-wing "rank-and-file movement among social workers, Towle published th visionary *Common Human Needs* in 194 She entirely rejected the charge that givin people too much help would make them de pendent. Far from worrying that public sup port would weaken willpower and the wor ethic, she argued rather that without a wel fare state a person "is doomed to continu in the psychological state of childhood, anx iously dependent...insecure, and unfre to move courageously." Towle preferred th language of interdependence and "sel dependence" to the more ideological notio of independence, something I know Senne would approve. She argued for "sound in dividualization in a program based on leg right." Her message to caseworkers wa "No matter how unusual an individual behavior may seem to us it has its ration foundation, its logic. His behavior, like our is serving him some useful purpose in th maintenance of a kind of equilibrium"– an admonition to respect, and one that e presses Sennett's view that respect mea accepting the inability to understand a other person completely. (Towle became a early McCarthy victim, her specific crim having been a reference to the progress the "socialized state," yet another examp of a line of thinking and policy crushed l the cold war.)

Sennett's and Towle's respectful welfa state is not going to happen anytime soo and may seem utopian to the point of frivo ity in the context of 2003. And yet precis ly in such terrible times, dreams of a go society become uniquely valuable. Se nett's is a thoughtful, unsentimental me tation on an aspect of a good society t often overlooked.

To the Unfinished

Clear eminence without whom I would be
nothing oh great provision never seen
barely acknowledged even wished away
without thinking

you in whose immeasurable presence
the darkness itself comes to be itself
and light recalls its colors and each sound
comes echoing

your undertone I have forgotten when
I first woke into knowing you were there
before words ever reached me but that time
under your wing

is still with me you have carried it all
the way along with faces that surface
appearing almost as they were before
and with the spring

that returns through its leaves never the same
you have brought me once more to the old house
after all these years of remembering
without knowing

it was you who kept opening the way
offering me what I had to choose it is
you who come bringing me the only day
in the morning

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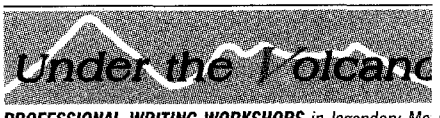

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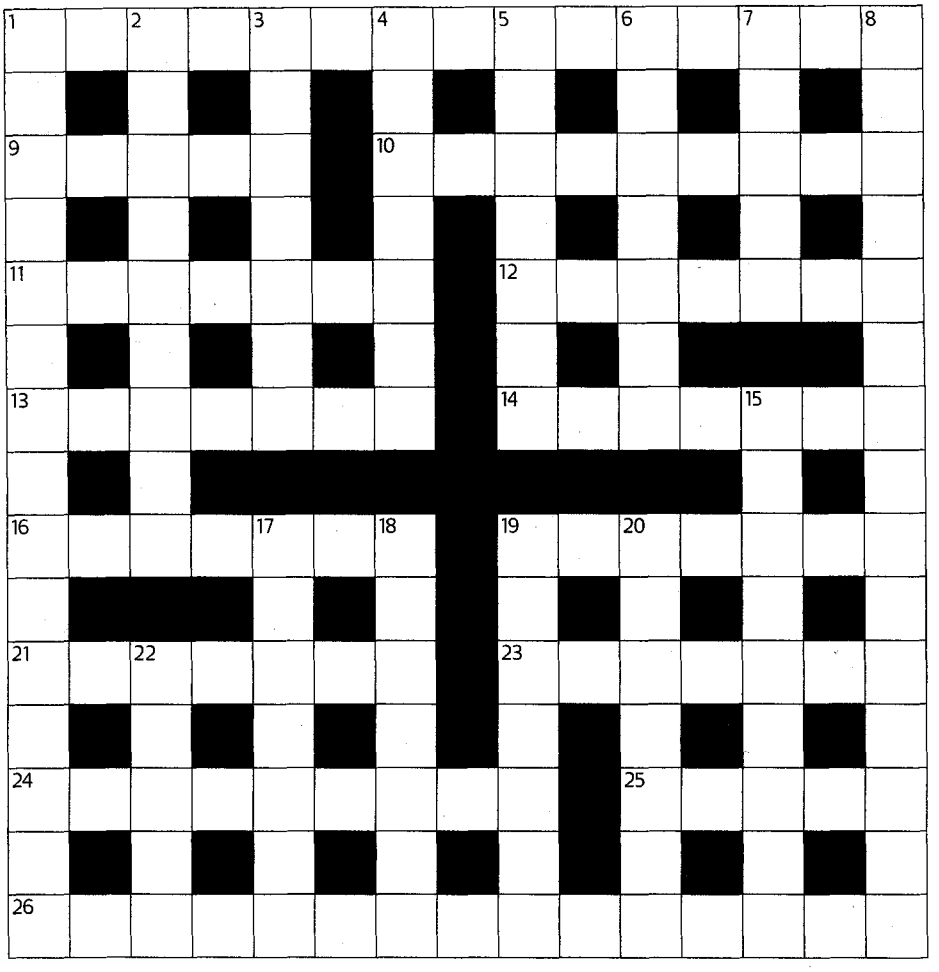

ACROSS

1 What the cops might nab you for if you're giving marijuana a try? If you're married, the house may be in it... (5,10)

9 ...and this, if rented, as a little bit of unsurrounded property. (5)

10 In a way, they might be used for jogging. (9)

11 They may be used in writing that says, "Take one of these and see me in the morning." (7)

12 Cancer is this way up! (3,4)

13 Quietly lifts what a hymn does, sometimes. (7)

14 Try the clue here, perhaps, with your pet, Matt, when bothered. (7)

16 If one does, it won't be the first time you've prepared such a paper! (7)

19 Proving everything Gore produced badly goes fast! (7)

21 You might pay this for learning you can make out in it here! (7)

23 What Mom used to spend time doing in the summer, getting rid of people. (7)

24 The business expense is about right, according to what we took in rather surreptitiously. (9)

25 Fondly bid in the air. (5)

26 Apologetically autobiographical? You needn't question such things! (4-11)

DOWN

1 Do they involve running dives—or such things as mending a broken wrist? (Lots of people get together for them.) (5,10)

2 Bragging about not working may not lead anyplace! (4,5)

3 Those who work with needles and rags. (7)

4 Diffusion of liquids, so it comes up before and after a large number is conclusive. (7)

5 Place involving an addition to an up-and-coming skill. (7)

6 Painter who one hears has earned his stripes. (7)

7 Holds the rein loosely around a point, which is certainly not an outside description. (5)

8 Cattle, perhaps, however not like Burgess's purple cow—being tidy, nonetheless simply described. (4,3,3,5)

15 A Venetian nobleman might be, if no magic is needed to describe him. (9)

17 Sometimes it preceded the old question which made "ripe" the sort of answer. (7)

18 Not what the British mean when they say "a tanner." (3-4)

19 Part of the circle where *Aida* is badly produced, even though it's such a lovely spot. (7)

20 Miss Turner is about to get what an 18 should supply, but it should look pretty small. (7)

22 The to add fifty should be perfect. (5)

PUZZLED? No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules" send for those of Mr. Lewis to: Puzzled, *The Nation*, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003, or access our website at www.thenation.com/crossword.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2887

		I	S	T	H	A	T	A	F	A	C	T		
	G		U		E		U		U		O		B	
V	E	R	B		I	N	T	E	R		V	E	E	R
	O		S		G		U		T		E		H	
G	R	A	C	C	H	I		T	H	I	N	K	E	R
	G		R		T		A		E				A	
G	E	N	I	U	S	E	S		R	E	C	E	D	E
			B				C				I			
A	G	R	E	E	D		O	B	L	I	G	A	T	E
	O				E		T		O		A		O	
T	R	I	R	E	M	E		P	R	O	R	A	T	E
	D		O		E		V		E		E		T	
H	O	L	D		S	T	I	L	L		T	I	E	S
	N		I		N		E		E		T		R	
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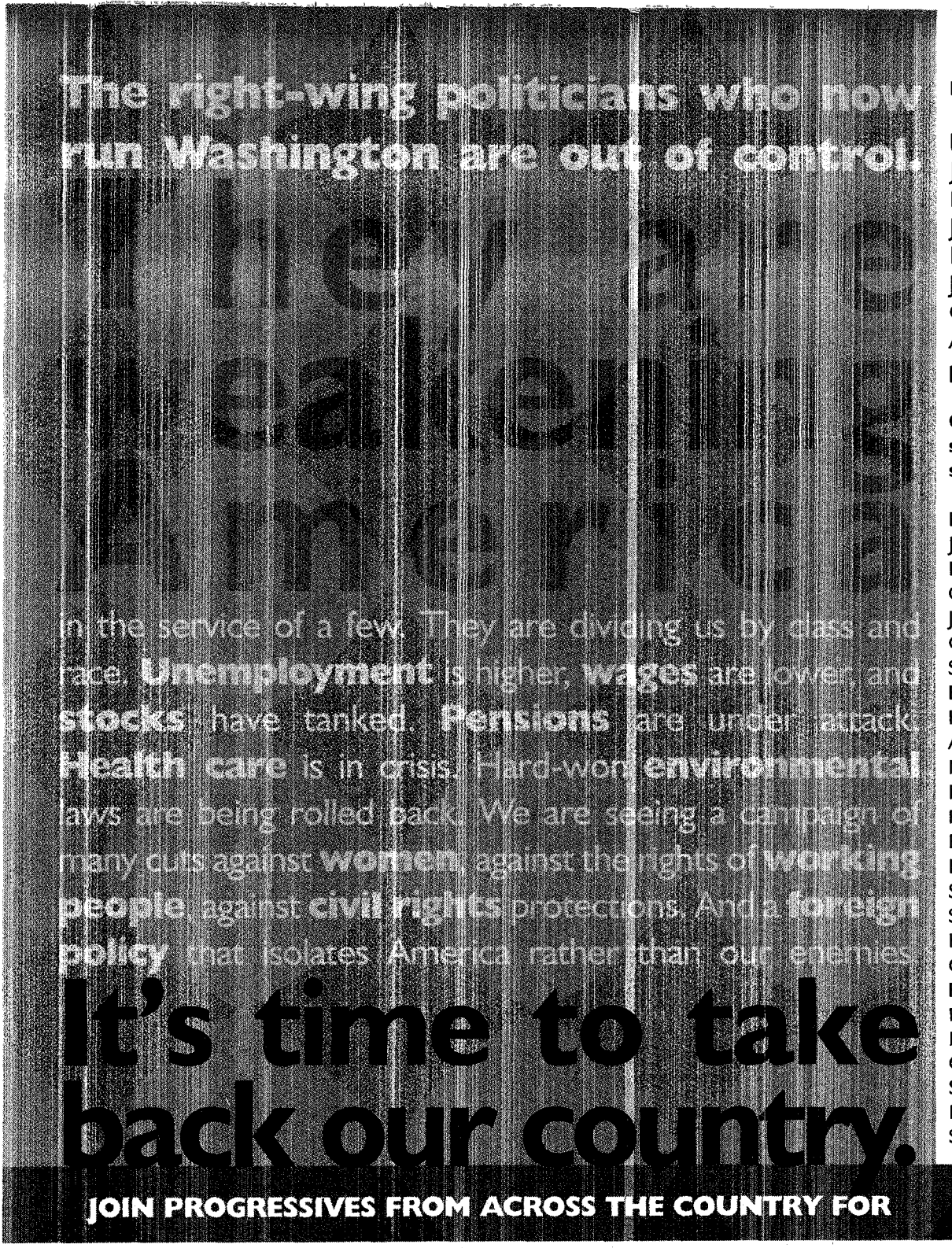
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